The Bystander, September 8, 1915.—No. 614. Vol. XLVII

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Yevonde*

TO WED LORD ALINGTON'S SON AND HEIR

A new portrait of Miss Honor Dorothy Leigh, only daughter of John Blundell Leigh, Esq., and grand-daughter of the Marquis of Abergavenny, whose engagement is just announced to Lieut. the Hon. Gerard Sturt, Coldstream Guards, eldest son and heir of Lord Alington

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "WATCH YOUR STEP."
Evenings, at 8.35. Matinée, Saturday, at 2.15.
GEO. GRAVES, ETHEL LEVEY, JOSEPH COYNE, Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Phyllis Bedells, Lupino Lane. At 8, "The Vine," etc.

COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.
MME. KIRKBY LUNN, ALBERT BRASSEUR, JEANNE PROVOST, JULIETTE DARCOURT & JEAN COQUELIN in "LE BUREAU DE POSTE"; "CYTHERA" Opera Ballet with LYDIA KYASHT & JANINE DU PLESSY, etc. 7541 Ger.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.30 p.m.
New Production, "PUSH AND GO" including SHIRLEY KELLOGG, VIOLET LORAINE, HARRY TATE, CHAS. BERKLEY, JOHNNY HENNING, etc. Tel. Ger. 650.

DALY'S. "BETTY."
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production
EVENINGS at 8. MATINÉES, SATURDAYS, at 2.
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ST. JAMES'S. At 8 punctually. "THE BIG DRUM,"
A New Comedy by ARTHUR PINERO.
GEORGE ALEXANDER. IRENE VANBRUGH.
ALLAN AYNESWORTH. LEONARD BOYNE.
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"Bystander" War Forecast Competition

POSITIONS OF THE ALLIES AT THE BEGINNING OF SEPTEMBER, 1915

A reduced facsimile reproduction of "The Bystander" War Map, for use by competitors in the War Forecast Competition. Copies of the map obtainable free on application to the Editor, "The Bystander," Tallis House, London, E.C.

For details see page 355 of this issue

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY "THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS"

Owing to the absence of the Editor this week our War Notes have been contributed by our Correspondent in Paris, Mr. John N. Raphael

An Apology

THE Editor considered it his duty, he said, to take a short rest, and return to his work like a giant refreshed. "Will you take office for a week," he said, "and write the war comments?" I blushed at the compliment, and murmured coy acceptance. "But you will make it clear, of course, in the initial paragraph," he added, "that you are the editorial 'we' for this week only." "In other words," I said, "I am to be the editorial 'wee.'" And the Editor "strafed" me with a look, and caught his train. I have been learning about the war in London. I am now back in France again. So if these comments should annoy you or displease you, you will remember, won't you, that they come from the pen of an irresponsible person who has been looking at things for himself and who is no respecter of persons?

***

An Awakening

The difference between the bystander attitude towards the war on the French side of the Channel and on the home side is quite remarkable. You feel it like an awakening from a dream, when you cross from Folkestone to Boulogne. I left, from Charing Cross, on Sunday morning with an armful of many-paged newspapers. The newspapers which met me at Boulogne were flimsy products on thin paper. They contained little of a news nature beyond official *communiqués*. They said nothing against the Government, they were not argumentative at all, and somehow newspapers didn't matter much when we landed on the Boulogne side. In London friends had seen us off from the platform. It was against the regulations, but we and our friends were known. When the authorities boarded the boat at Boulogne, although there were many personal friends among them, there was no favour shown to anybody. Everybody, known or unknown, had to be subjected to official scrutiny, and people who had no real, readily explainable business in France had to go back again. On the French side of the Channel there is no room for drones who want "just to have a look round," and to go home and talk about it.

***

Prevention Better Than Cure

There was one man in charge of a party of six or eight others. He had authority to conduct them by way of Dieppe. There was no Dieppe boat on the Sunday, and he had brought them by way of Boulogne, but he had to go back again with them. He protested his perfect good-faith in a neutral accent. The officials were perfectly polite, but there was no appeal. One feels much safer, somehow, from the danger of spies, on the French side of the Channel. The French authorities had not the legal mind which inclines some of our own officials to allow the enemy's spies to prove that they are dangerous before preventing them from doing mischief.

Our War Forecast Competition.

READERS are invited to lose no time in applying for their entry-forms (for details see page 356), as the prize will go to the sender of the most skilful forecast at the earliest date.

***

Unselfishness

There were hardly any porters at the Gare du Nord. But we had realised *en route* that we were only a few miles away from the war, and that at places along the line the cannon could be heard. So we took the absence of porters as a matter of course. Everybody helped everybody else and nobody grumbled. Grumbling, pessimism, and selfishness are offences against the Allies, on this side of the Channel. One realised why when one got out of the station into the Paris streets.

***

Cheerfulness from the Trenches

It was a grey afternoon, verging on evening. The evening before enemy aeroplanes had been chased back beyond Compiègne, and some of them had been brought down. There was a big crowd—a civilian crowd—outside the station. Soldiers on leave were expected, and arrived while we waited for cabs. Their uniforms were filthy. Many of the men were wounded, but I saw none but happy faces. And I noticed two things which impressed me enormously. The first was that every soldier on leave, wounded or not, began cheering his civilian friends as soon as he found them, with the news that "things were going splendidly out there." I wondered whether the Northcliffe Press had representatives among the crowd. Because, if so, logic will make it necessary for the *Times* and *Daily Mail* to attack "hide-the-truth soldiers," when it has said its say about the "hide-the-truth" Press. Every soldier, French or British, wounded or unwounded, from the front, is an optimist. They have been living with fact and on healthy food, and their digestions do not tamper with their outlook on the war. The more I see and listen to the soldiers who are fighting, the more I hear and read the comments of civilians who eat and think too much and do too little, the more impressed I am with the truth of Forain's saying that

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 327)

the Germans will be beaten to a frazzle, *pourvu que les civils tiennent*—if only the civilians hold out.

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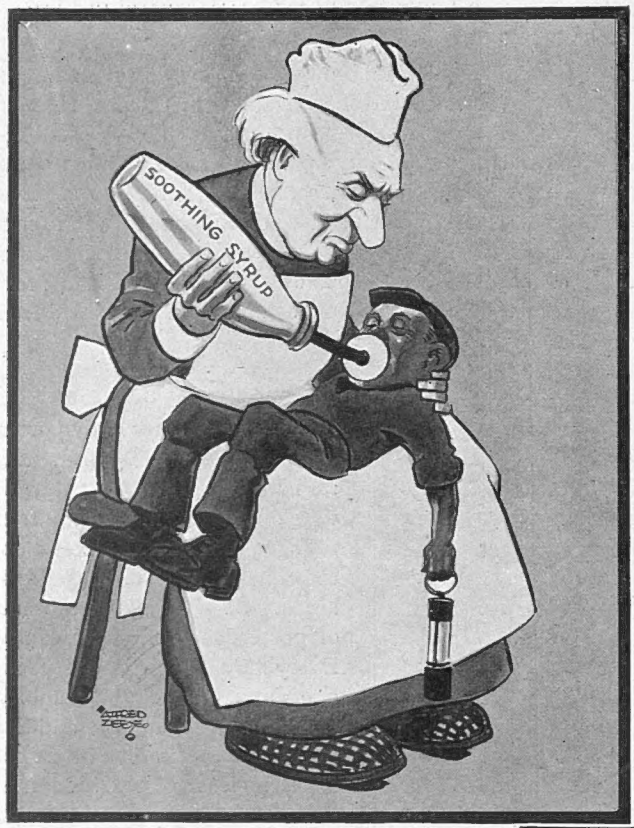
A Lesson in Self-Sacrifice

The second thing which impressed me at the Gare du Nord was the conduct of a fat and prosperous looking man whose big motor car had come to fetch



THE WAR BABY

him. There were four French soldiers with crutches, and friends had come to meet them. The friends were poor people, cabs were very scarce, and a franc is half-a-crown just now in Paris. The fat man had a big heart as well as a big motor-car. He made that little group, soldiers, friends and all, crowd into his car. He told the chauffeur to take them to their destinations, and he sat down on his luggage and waited for a cab himself. Of course, such things may be done in London every day for all I know, but I didn't see any of them done while I was there. I don't mean that sympathy with our wounded and our fighting men is not tremendous, but it struck me that the things we give up are the things we can easily spare, and that personal inconvenience is the limit of most of our self-sacrifice.

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*

Frenchmen on the Coal Strike

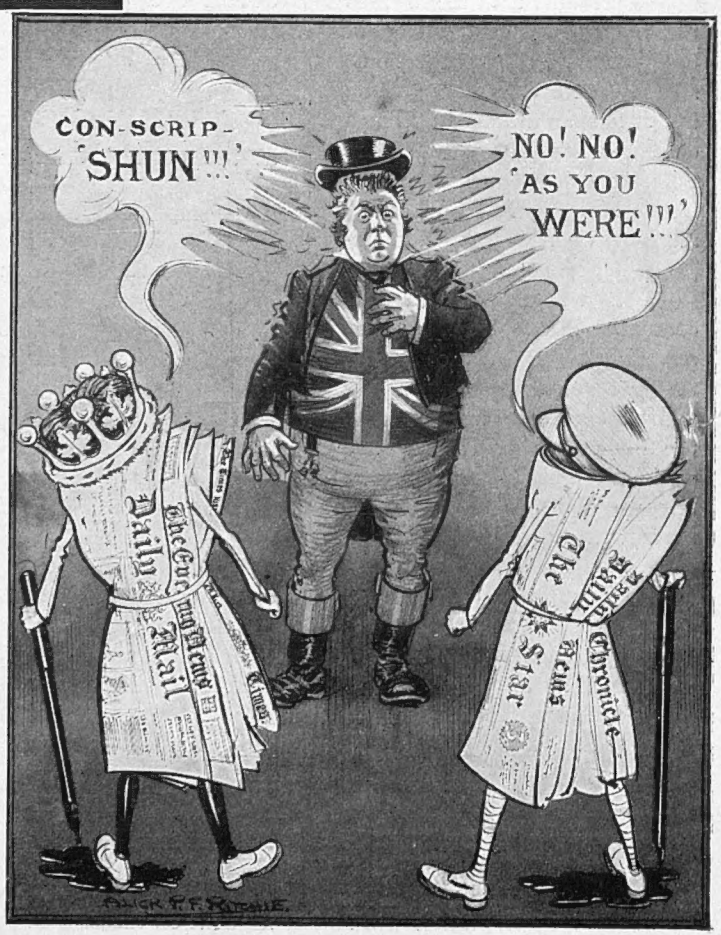
Two Frenchmen in the train were talking about the Welsh coal miners on strike. They both spoke English well, and were returning from a visit to French relatives in England. An Englishman in our carriage was endeavouring to explain the English character to these two Frenchmen. He had a glib tongue, and was perfectly convinced that the conduct of the miners was excusable. He thought and said that it was largely the fault of the Government. The two Frenchmen agreed with him. "It is the fault of the Government," they said. "A government which considered the existence of the country more and thought less about the votes of its constituents and the prolongation of its own term of existence, would warn the strikers that unless work were resumed by a given day a few ringleaders would be shot as an example, and would act on the threat unless work were resumed." "That would mean a revolution," said the Englishman. "It would mean no such thing," said the two Frenchmen together. "Weakness may bring about a revolution, strength never does. And we have some experience of revolutions, we others."

* *
*

The Super-Pessimist

In the next morning's *Daily Mail* I read a leader patronising Mr. Balfour as though he held office by permission of Lord Northcliffe. In the same paper was a column and a half of pessimism, headed "The Press and the truth." How long does the whole of the British Press, which has not the privilege of being issued from Carmelite House, intend to submit to insults from the Northcliffe Press? I have always believed that submission to dictatorship was alien to the British character. Because one man with a weak

(*Continued on page 330*)



THE RIVAL DRILL SERGEANTS

Vot More Could Anypoddy Va-ant?!

GERMAN-AMERICAN CITIZEN, U.S.A.: "Zere you are! Chust vot I vos told you! Ze Chermans are ze most rea-zonaple peoble on ze face of ze ear-rth! Vot!! 'Zey have torpedoed anozzer'?!! Oh! vell! Zat is vot ve vont ze Freetom of ze Ocean for; zen could ve tell our U-boat heroes apout zis sentimen-tal reculation! Living onder vorter how could ze callant vellows know?!!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 328)

digestion takes a gloomy outlook, is he to be allowed to bully every newspaper and every writer in every newspaper, other than those which he controls, into making the work of the soldiers more difficult by wrapping the thoughts of civilians at home in a grey fog-veil of pessimism?

***

Enough of Pessimism!

Surely, we have had enough of it now. Surely, it is quite time for the public to explain to Lord Northcliffe's pocket that if he cannot be cheerful he had better be quiet. Surely, there are other newspapers in England besides those controlled by Lord Northcliffe, which tell the truth. Surely, a hopeful outlook, authorised by such facts as we know, is more deserving of the public's pence and ha-pence than the outlook of the super-pessimist who, as he walks down hill weeps bitter tears because of the hill he will presently have to climb.

***

The Harm It Does

In England one can afford to laugh at Northcliffian pessimism. On the French side of the Channel it does real harm. There is a Paris edition of the *Daily Mail* The French have not yet lost their belief in the impartiality and soundness of the *Times*. The Paris edition of the *Daily Mail*, and the *Times*, are very widely read by Frenchmen. For months Frenchmen have been depressed by the attitude of the Northcliffe papers. Their reasoning is this. "If the *Times* and *Daily Mail* are allowed by the British Government to reiterate the statement that everything is going wrong, that England is not doing her best, that everything is being mismanaged by the British Government, that all the newspapers in England except the *Times* and the *Daily Mail* are conspiring to hide the truth, there must be something very wrong in England."

***

The Danger of Reiteration

The man in the street in Paris is neither wiser nor more foolish than the man in the street at home, but reiteration works on his mind as reiteration invariably works on the mind of the crowd. The man in the street in Paris knows that the British line is longer now than it has been since the war began, and he is beginning to doubt whether the gloomy outlook of the Northcliffe Press is justified or justifiable. But this gloomy outlook and its reiteration is undermining French confidence in France's British ally and in all things British. Unless Lord Northcliffe's digestion improves, he will, I have no hesitation in saying, presently become a Peace crank. If he is left free to go on insulting the whole British Press and to allow his personal feeling of annoyance that he has not been permitted to run the war on Carmelite lines to spread gloom among foreign readers of the *Times* and *Daily Mail*, he will play the Germans' game by undermining French confidence in England and the English, which confidence is one of the most valuable assets of the alliance.

***

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

LADY MILBANKE

The beautiful wife of Sir John Milbanke, V.C., whose death in action at Gallipoli has just been announced. He was in command of the Nottinghamshire Yeomanry (Sherwood Foresters). He gained the V.C. while serving with the 10th Hussars in the South African War

A Bet of a Ha'penny

Although I have lived abroad for many years, I have some little experience of Fleet Street and of the men who work there. It is my firm belief that while the opinion of the men who work there usually reflects, very fairly, the opinion of Great Britain at large, the newspapers do not always reflect that opinion. I am willing to bet Lord Northcliffe the sum of one ha'penny in current coin of the realm that if a plebiscite of the opinions of the men who work for him be taken, these opinions will by no means be those expressed in the *Daily Mail* and in the *Times*. Of course, each voting paper would remain unsigned. The vote must be uninfluenced by any thought of self-interest if it is to be conclusive. I don't believe that any sane person employed on the *Daily Mail* or elsewhere really believes that the Government increased the munition output because the *Daily Mail* told it to. I don't believe that Lord Kitchener will be asked to retire because Lord Northcliffe disagrees with him.

***

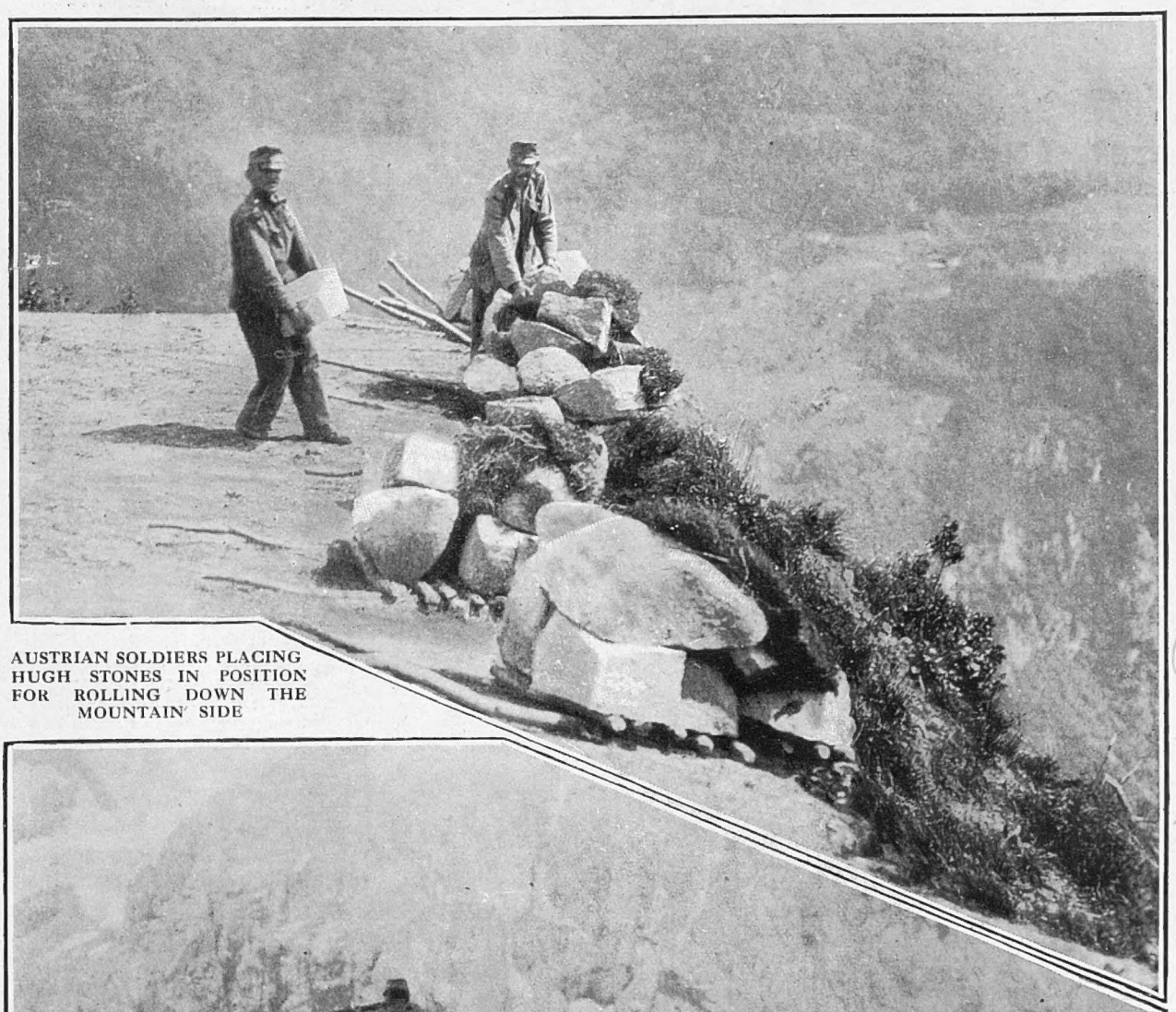
Je Ne Pense Pas

I see that the *Daily Mail* of Saturday, August 28, coyly calls itself the paper that gets things done. It follows this modest judgment on its own work with the statement that cotton was made contraband owing to pressure by the *Daily Mail*. *Je ne pense pas*. The trouble is that if any assertion be made often enough in print, foolish people can always be found to believe it. In ordinary times it matters very little whether our Allies believe that Great Britain and Ireland are governed under sufferance from Carmelite Street. But in war-time it does matter, because it is just

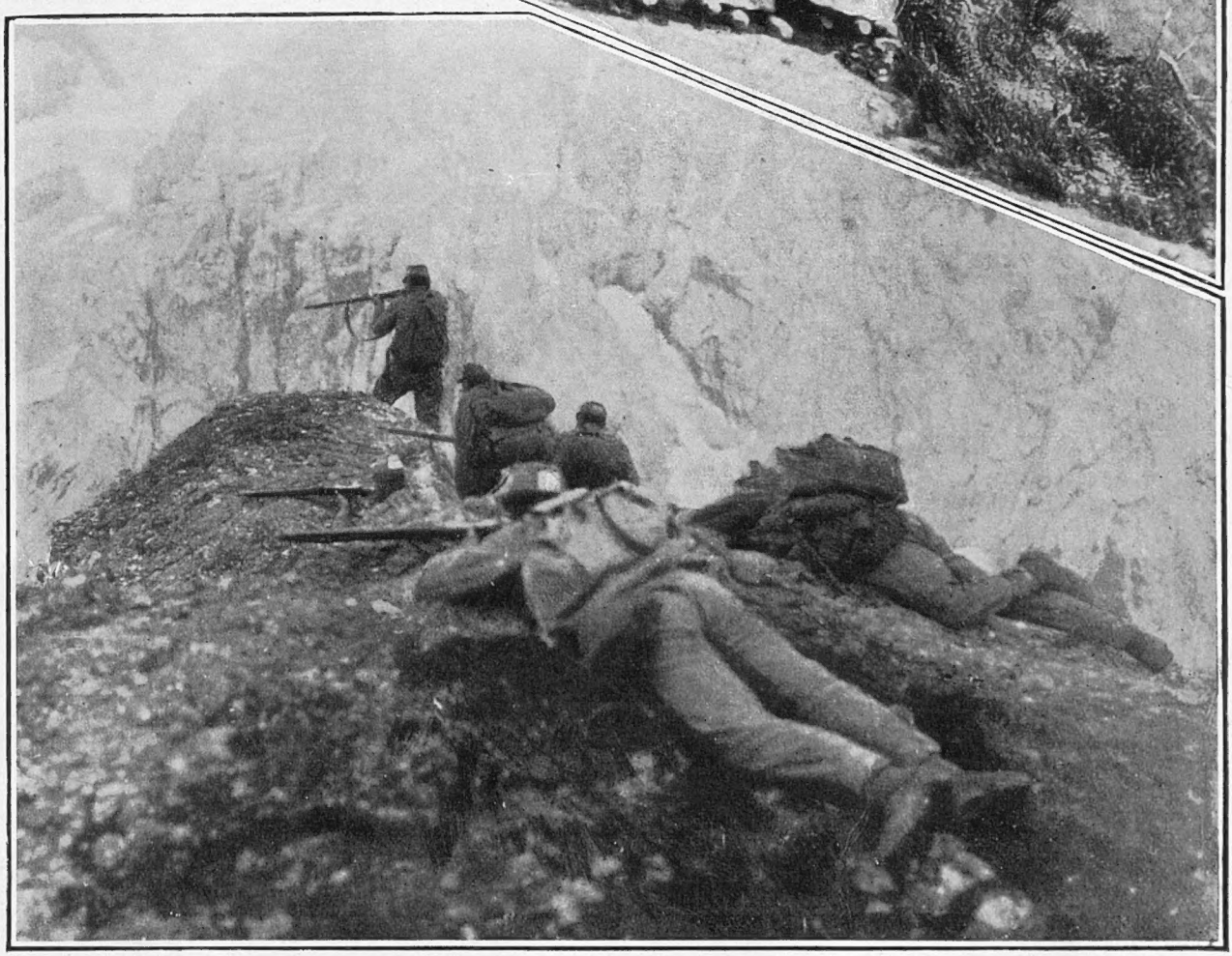
(Continued on page 332)

Methods of Mountain Warfare

WEAPONS ANCIENT AND MODERN IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL



AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS PLACING HUGH STONES IN POSITION FOR ROLLING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE



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AN AUSTRIAN INFANTRY OUTPOST IN AN ENCOUNTER WITH ITALIAN SKIRMISHERS

These two photographs are interesting as illustrating the guerrilla type of warfare to which, owing to the mountainous nature of the country, so much of the fighting on the Italian battle-front is confined. The upper illustration shows how the Austrians are having recourse to the ancient but none the less deadly weapons of primitive man, the huge stones being placed on the crest of the mountain in such a way that with the aid of the stakes they can be sent rolling down its side against the advancing enemy

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded from page* 330)

possible that our Allies may be disinclined to repose confidence in a nation which is governed by Lord Northcliffe.

***

Reasonable Optimism

Every man who is privileged to see what he writes reproduced in print and handed to other people to read, has a very serious responsibility, second hardly to that of a priest. So many people's lives are coloured by what they read, that it is obviously the duty of a writer, in a time of crisis like the present more especially, to help his readers by making their lives as cheerful as possible. Cheeriness is a duty. The foolish optimism which acts as a restraint on further effort is, of course, a mistake, but pessimism *always* restrains effort, and pessimism ought to be considered a criminal offence in war-time. Ask any soldier from the front, be he a general officer or a private, what he thinks of the Carmelite House campaign. His reply will be forcible, possibly unprintable. He will tell you that nobody has a right to give the Allied nations a bad taste in the mouth, because nothing can help the Germans more than the Allies' belief that things are going wrong.

***

Northcliffian Turks

Things are not going wrong. Every soldier will tell you so. Why should Lord Northcliffe know better than the men who are fighting? The Germans know that the British line in France is longer than it has been yet. The Germans know that all is not as well with them in Russia as they would have their people at home and people in the Balkans believe. The Germans know that the French are going to give them more than a little trouble presently. They know where the superiority in cannon and in munitions is now. The Turks are quite Northcliffian in their feelings about the Dardanelles. Everything points to victory except the finger of Carmelite House. *Alors?*

***

A Scene in a Tram

There was a French lieutenant with his mother in a Paris tram the other day. He was making the old lady laugh with cheery stories from the front. An unhappy woman, sitting opposite, took him to task for joking. "If you had been in the trenches," she said, "you would know better than to laugh about the life there." It was the wounded officer's first day home from the trenches. His mother told the unhappy old lady so. She didn't argue. She got out. The popular feeling was against her. I hope her note has changed. I hope Lord Northcliffe's will.

***

The Cheerfulness of Knowledge

I went into a little shop kept by a little old man and a little old woman in a little street in Paris to make a little purchase. We talked about the war. One always talks about the war on all occasions, here in Paris. "I think we are doing very well, we civilians," said the little old lady. "We are doing very little business, but we are keeping open and we are keeping cheerful. Our sons are fighting and they keep us cheerful. We don't read too many newspapers. We are afraid to have our cheerfulness dimmed by people who write about what they don't know. Besides, in Paris we don't really know what the war is. But my husband and I have just spent a week near Meaux, where you hear the cannon all day and all night, and where there are many more soldiers than civilians, and where the streets are full of wounded. Meaux is much more cheerful than Paris, because it knows much more about the war."

AN INTERVAL FOR STOCK-TAKING

Things having been comparatively quiescent of late at many points on the Western Front an opportunity has been afforded to the Allied leaders to take stock of some of the fighting material at their command. Our illustration shows King Albert and General Joffre, accompanied by M. Millerand, holding a review somewhere or other

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

LONDON, *September 6.*

MY DEAR COUSIN—

IT'S really quite remarkable how much this war is a matter of giving things up. Of course, all the fighting countries talked of sacrifices—in a general sort of way—at the start. And those that *may* fight are talking a good deal about them now, and seem to enjoy talking so much that—but I won't go into that. And I don't mean economies either, and I'm not going to be frivolous about such a grim reality as Russia's having to give up places in order to gain time and save lives (though I'm not downhearted about it).

"I don't pretend to understand how miners' minds work"

* * *

We at home have been through so many stages in the last thirteen months. Enthusiasm for the war, you know, and then the chilling anxiety that gave place to rather too buoyant hope with the Battle of the Marne (almost a year ago exactly) before we settled down—most of us, at any rate—into a set-teeth resolve. All that time the war has meant giving up for those others out there. Giving up most things in order to go and, so often, giving up everything when they got there.

* * *

Now it's giving up for us too. Sometimes quite seriously when we sternly shut off our little luxuries, that we weren't very quick to realise *were* luxuries, and sometimes quite the reverse when we squabble about giving up German music at our concerts, or some of our military people—so it's whispered—scorn a clever dodge because the Boche invented it. Someone has written to the *Times*, too, saying we ought to give up leagues and badges because if we did good by stealth and had no occasion to blush about finding it fame, we'd save the P.O. a lot of trouble in delivering circulars and do the obviously right thing just as effectively.

* * *

I don't think very much will come of *that*, for if many of the people who do the circularising blushed to find themselves in the front row it couldn't be the blush of surprise, could it? What I'm wondering about giving things up is whether we're being really quite practical about it. Because people do say we haven't been always as practical in this war as we might have been.

* * *

I can't quite make out whether giving up German music is intended to hurt the enemy or to do us some sort of good. I suppose it must be one or the other or it wouldn't be any use anyhow. And those who enjoy German music might just as well go on hearing it, don't you think? The doctors, it seems, have arranged for us to give up German measles by calling it something else—I don't remember the name but it sounds something like the French *rougeole*. I'd approve of that wholeheartedly if we could give up having the complaint—in the middle of the season usually!

* * *

They're quoting with joy, in Paris and Petrograd, the decision of a German impresario to put on all the foreign pieces he can and keep his expenses down by not paying enemy authors any fees. But I suppose if we played German music we should keep strict account and pay up after the war. They say we're using Krupp inventions to kill German soldiers and arranging to pay Royalties on 'em when it's all over.

"A darling R.A.M.C. man has just written me the sweetest letter——"

* * *

Next week, I expect, we shall hear all about the Registration Bill—or as much as the newspapers think it worth while to tell us of what can be screwed out of Cabinet Ministers. And all the worthy people who've been giving up their spare time to sorting forms in neat little bundles and putting them into boxes and making lists—neat or not according to their temperament—of what everybody does for a living, or *pour passer le temps*, will glow with self-satisfaction. Because it's quite certain that, but for them, the Registrar-General would have had to spend more than he has on

getting at the result of those eight questions—it was eight, wasn't it?

* * *

Anyway, if the Registration scheme doesn't serve any other useful purpose it's rather added to the gaiety of the nation. I don't know how many of the funny stories I've heard about it are true, but if there hadn't been any Registration they couldn't have been evolved. And it's scotched that stupid old legend about women who didn't like to have their ages told.

* * *

When the certificates were first sent out, and people thought the mystic little number in the middle stood for their age, it was the men who wrote to the papers and the Town Clerk about it. Yet lots of women must have had rather a shock when they saw thirty staring at them—especially when they really *were* thirty and had written down twenty-nine by mistake. Really, 30, they tell me, stands for unemployed and those who do household duties for their families and don't get paid for it.

* * *

And, talking of worthy people who work, I wonder how the dear undistinguished women whose names never appear in the paper except as "helpers"—"Lady So-and-So and her devoted band of helpers," you know—really feel about their notable leaders. I fancy there are many hours when the helpers are doing helpful things and there are no reporters about and no titled ladies either.

* * *

Yet they keep doggedly at it, in spite of the fact that nobody's going to make a song about their being there, and that (at least I've heard so) many of them have to darn their husband's socks and mend their children's clothes and keep an eye on their kitchens in the intervals of their patriotic work. I shouldn't be surprised if theirs was the real thing in patriotism, would you?

* * *

I keep on hearing *such* stories, by the way, about a certain field hospital in Flanders, and how all the amateur ladies who joined have done very little except wear knickerbockers and tell each other what cats the rest are. The only thing that ever really united them was their unanimous fury against Lady —— ——, who was the only pretty one and got photographed in her knickerbockers much, much oftener than anyone else. Meanwhile all the real work has been done by one or two quiet, insignificant persons *in skirts*.

* * *

One of the real workers "out there,"—no one could call her insignificant, though—is Miss Maxine Elliott. She spends her time in a barge which is moored in a Belgian canal, and in the shell zone, too—but she takes no notice of shells, and is busy all day in her barge, which is packed from end to end with clothes for refugees, sorting them out and distributing them to the poor, homeless things.

* * *

"The Vorticists aren't all dead yet, anyway, and I've just seen No. 2 of their journal 'Blast'"

A darling R.A.M.C. man in the Dardanelles has written me the sweetest letter in which he refers to me as a "bacilli killer." It seems that some diseases thrive on gloom and depression. Need I say more? And couldn't some of the pessimists be impressed with that fact?

* * *

By the way you've heard, I suppose, about how the Queen Elizabeth was sunk by a torpedo in the Dardanelles? No, the story didn't appear in our papers, but it was in the German ones. And a man just back from there tells me it's quite true—he saw one of the crew himself, just afterwards, floating away to safety on one of the biggest guns!

* * *

There are still wild discussions in the newspapers about National Service. And it doesn't make a bit of difference to the ordinary person. He—and more especially SHE—took a decision about it some time ago. (Of course, Sir Alfred Mond isn't an ordinary person but a great friend of Lloyd George. That's why some people are very interested about his selling his *Westminster Gazette* shares.)

* * *

And the amateur strategist last week deserted the South East in order to devote himself to Wales and other places where they mine—and strike. Ever so many of him explained to me over meals—at other

(Continued on page 336)

"Yesterday we spent several hours over a heap of newspaper cuttings"

Only Daughter of a Distinguished Peer

Photograph *Vandyk*

THE HON. JOAN DICKSON-POYNDER

A new portrait of the only daughter, aged eighteen, of Lord Islington, P.C., G.C.M.G., D.S.O., and Lady Islington. Her father who, before he was created a baron in 1910, was Sir John Dickson-Poynder, has won renown both as a soldier and a politician. He gained the D.S.O. while serving with the Imperial Yeomanry in the South African War

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 334)

times I was just as busy as possible rolling bandages on a cunning little machine for the local hospital with the help of a mine sweeper on leave—what he would do about the strikes. I can't remember *all* the suggestions, but one was that the Volunteers should be mobilised and sent to bring the men to their senses, and another was that Gaby and Ethel Levey should be sent to make a tour, one to appeal to the mens' sentimentality and the other to their common-sense!

* * *

Of course, I don't pretend to understand how miners' minds work. It's said that they've been making money so fast they can't spend it (many of them being teetotalers and chapel-goers), so that the fuss was about a question of abstract justice—at least I think that's what they called it. And when one thinks what a coal strike might possibly mean to our navy and our Allies—to say nothing of Holland—well, it isn't perhaps so very funny if people say that there's a lot of "All-men-are-brothers-and-what-is-Britain-to-me" poison being circulated there by aliens disguised as Americans.

* * *

All sorts of rumours, of course, about the income tax statement which is said to be coming sooner than we expected. And a certainty that unearned incomes are still to be ever so much more taxed than earned ones. Which seems pretty hard to those whose unearned incomes are mere fragments of what they used to be, and who can't help seeing what a lot is being made by some of their friends lucky enough to be able to earn. However, most people are quite agreed that they won't grumble—about doing their bit in this most tiresome of ways I mean—as long as people drawing quite as much in weekly wages are taxed too.

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

MISS BARBARA ERRINGTON

Only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Errington, commanding the Inns of Court Officers' Training Corps, and the Hon. Mrs. Errington, of 5, York Terrace, Regent's Park, who is to marry Mr. Esme Cecil Wingfield-Stratford, 1/4th Batt. Q.O.R. West Kent Regiment, elder son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Cecil Wingfield-Stratford

You mustn't think, though the nation's busy with big things like sudden death and frightfulness and doing their bit (except, of course, the miners), that England, and especially London, is entirely deserted by earnest people who want to create a new art or revive an old one or do something as a protest against photographs and portraits and battle pieces. The Vorticists aren't all dead yet anyway, and I've just seen No. 2 of their journal "Blast," which is published at irregular intervals of a year-and-a-half or so.

* * *

Just read this, by one of the Chief Apostles, Mr. Wyndham Lewis:—"If a man is not representing people is he not representing clouds? If he is not representing clouds is he not representing masses of bottles? If he is not representing masses of bottles is he not representing houses or masonry? Or is he not representing in his most seemingly abstract paintings, mixtures of these or something else." Makes you forget all about the war, doesn't it?

* * *

Yesterday we spent several hours over a heap of newspaper cuttings. They had been collected by the indefatigable Etonian, and were all experts' opinions on the date of the end of the war. Our plan was to divide them all up and take the largest heap to help us with THE BYSTANDER Forecast Competition. You won't be surprised to hear that there were two that still declared for "the end of October or Christmas at latest"—unless I've totally failed to convey to you in my letters that it still takes all sorts to make a world in England—even now.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Photograph *Central News*

PRINCESS CLEMENTINE NAPOLEON OPENS A BELGIAN SANATORIUM

The opening ceremony at the No. 5 Home for Disabled Belgian Soldiers, at Allington Manor, Eastleigh. The Home has been placed at the disposal of the Wounded Allies Relief Committee by Lord Swaythling, who is seen on the extreme right of the picture with Lady Swaythling. In the centre are Prince Victor and Princess Clementine

What Now of the War?

Campaign Comments: By Major G. W. Redway

NO minstrel raptures swell for the Belgians to-day—indeed, their performances rarely get mentioned in the *communiqués*—although a year ago both journalists and politicians were acclaiming them as the saviours of the situation, as if the Belgian army had been able to cope with the Germans single-handed. More enlightened admirers, however, realised that our Ally never possessed the means of doing more than check the enemy on the Meuse. But King Albert's army threw itself into this task with a courage as superb as it was unexpected and has ever since persevered in circumstances the most untoward with its opposition to German encroachments; and although now regarded as the poor relation of the alliance, Belgium has done even more; she has just furnished the first bit of war history in a *Rapport du Commandement de l'Armée*, a brochure of 100 pages which will repay a whole week's study and must invalidate all the so-called histories of the war down to December last.

* * * * *

Caught in the midst of a change in her army system in 1914 Belgium could furnish only six divisions of all arms and a cavalry division. Her mobilisation was interrupted by invasion. She had faithfully, as a neutral, distributed her forces to repel intruders from any quarter: the first or Ghent division was deployed against England, her 4th (Namur) and 5th (Mons) divisions against France and the 3rd (Liège) division against Germany. Only when German troops crossed her borders did the whole Belgian army face eastward and call on France and England to come to her aid, but as we know they were found unready. Boldly the 1st Belgian division then advanced from Ghent to Tirlemont, the 2nd from Antwerp to Louvain, the 5th from Mons to Perwez, the 6th from Brussels to Wavre, and the Cavalry division from Brussels to Waremme; and everything was concentrated behind the Gette in the quadrilateral Louvain-Tirlemont-Perwez-Wavre. The entire force, however, did not exceed 117,000 men on August 6 when the Liège division fell back leaving the forts to play their proper part in the scheme of defence. The Germans covered the right of their advance with the 2nd and 4th Cavalry divisions which crossed the Meuse below Liège at Visé and the vanguards of five corps (VII, VIII, IX, X, XI) opened the campaign by the combat of Haelen on August 12, the day that the Liège forts were bombarded with heavy guns. A week later the last of the Liège forts fell and the army of Belgium retired to Antwerp, its base of operations and seat of Government; for none of her Allies had yet moved a finger to help her, though eleven German corps had now crossed the Meuse below Namur. Posterity, however, will not overlook the moral triumph of this small State and soldiers already pay homage to a citizen army that defied the Kaiser's legions: long ago Belgium acquired the distinction of being "the cockpit of Europe," and in our generation we find that the game-birds are the Belgians themselves.

* * * * *

A courageous colonel inspecting 1,000 members of the St. John's Ambulance Corps at Hull, formed certain opinions which he expressed in a speech which should have stung to the quick those whom the cap fitted. He said it was "almost a scandal" to find so many strong, active, young men practising stretcher work instead of taking their turn in the trenches and leaving first-aid work to the women. Colonel Palmer is quite right, and if a census could be taken of all the men who avoid combatant duties by idling in and about hospitals, canteens, stores, railways and other refuges for shirkers and money-grabbers, the result would be surprising. Another source for recruits would be tapped if the Government would confiscate all motor-cycles and put their users to military duties. But even among the fighting troops the evil exists of "employing" men and officers for other purposes than those of meeting the enemy, so that the country has to pay full wages for what in the Indian Army are called "followers." Our War Establishments show that out of a ration strength of 20,000 men in a division hardly 50 per cent. get as far as the fire-trenches, and one consequence is that practically all our casualties occur among the class of soldier who is of supreme military value while the *embusqués* go unscathed.

* * * * *

On a morning at the end of last month all the dailies came out with long articles based on statistics "from a thoroughly trustworthy source" to show that 1,800,000 Germans are on the Western front and 2,520,000—including 1,120,000 Austrians—on the Eastern front; that is over 4¼ million of our foes in the fighting line. But in war the significance of mere numbers is small; what we want to know is the strength of the field armies organised in divisions or corps, and if we take the division as 20,000 of all ranks we might assume from the figures given that 216 divisions or 108 corps are opposed to the Russians, French, Belgians, and British. But, of course, there should be another 4,320,000 trained men ready to replace casualties, in addition to the communication troops and garrisons for conquered territories. Thus we reach in round numbers ten million men under arms. Is it possible that the Austro-German empires can raise and equip such forces? As regards the *personnel* there need be little doubt on the point, since out of a total population of 118 millions more than 50 per cent. are males; and the German staff

(*Continued on page 340*)

Fragments from the F

NO. 1—FROM OUR NAVAL CORRESPONDENT

DESTRUCTION OF A GERMAN TORPEDO-BOAT BY A BRITISH SEAPLANE

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER, R.N.V.R.

ont by Sea and Land

NO. 2—FROM OUR MILITARY CORRESPONDENT

"THERE GOES OUR BLINKIN' PARAPET AGAIN"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

WHAT NOW OF THE WAR? (concluded from page 337)

realise perfectly that men of 50, and even boys of 15, can perform military duties of sorts even if unequal to long marches, and they are quite prepared to "rob the cradle and the grave" in search of cannon fodder.

* * * * *

The all-important thing in battle is not to yield ground at the close of day, for if you do, all your killed and wounded as well as the garrisons of captured forts fall into the hands of the enemy, with all their clothing, arms and equipment. It is a question of loss of property as well as of men, and if any general desires to prove the damage done to the enemy he can hardly do better than state the number of rifles and guns taken. Every year will yield a fresh crop of recruits of military age, but to clothe and equip them may presently become a difficult matter; and it must be our hope in this war, not to exterminate ten million men—an impossible feat—but to prevent the renewal of the munitions of war. In the American Civil War of 1861-5 whole divisions of Confederates would re-clothe and equip themselves from the spoils of the battlefield after the Federal blockade had cut off supplies from Europe, and cavalry raids were often undertaken for the purpose of seizing from the enemy supplies and stores that could be obtained in no other way.

* * * * *

Army opinion has always been averse from the creation of class corps: if a man wants to soldier in the ranks let him rough it like his comrades in arms was the sentiment prevailing in all units. But since it was ordained that the New Armies should include such organisations as the Sportsman's, the Bankers', and the Public Schools battalions, their tastes and fancies in regard to the serving of meals might surely be consulted while training at home. A specific complaint of semi-starvation having reached me, I forwarded it to the C.O. concerned, who replied by sending me copies of his Diet Sheets. These certainly look promising, both in regard to variety and quantity of food, from breakfast at 7.45 a.m. to soup at 7.45 p.m. But I fear the point at issue in this unit—as at many hotels—is really the cooking. Men accustomed to freshly-made tea, for instance, cannot drink the decoction served up according to barrack-room tradition, and then the recurrence of tinned foods labelled "corned beef" and "salmon" hits the prejudices of the middle-class very hard.

* * * * *

In the old days the catering of each company was supervised by the "captain" who formed a committee of ways and means, which provided out of the messing-fund such dainties as black-puddings, and was careful to respect the preferences of Mr. Atkins—old style—for cheese and onions with his tea. Now, I am sure that if majors commanding "class" companies were equally attentive to the wishes of their *clientèle*, a good deal of bitter feeling that is being engendered by neglect of that important member, the stomach, would be assuaged. When an entire battalion refuses to go on parade for the reason that it has not been fed, it is clear that the commissariat is grievously at fault.

HIS "GOOD AND SUFFICIENT REASON"

EMPLOYER *(after the telephone bell has rung four times)*: "Why the dooce don't you answer the call, Jones?"
JONES (*absent-mindedly*): "Beg pardon, sir, I'm over military age!"

German Necessity the Mother of Invention

SOME UP-TO-DATE APPLIANCES OF MODERN WARFARE

A MACHINE GUN FOR CAVALRY

The troopers are armed with this weapon in pairs. One man aims the gun and his comrade assists him to work it

A GERMAN TRENCH PERISCOPE

Which is at the same time a strong field glass

A MONSTER TURKISH GUN MADE IN GERMANY

Damaged and abandoned in the destroyed fortress of Seddul-Bahr. It is being examined by a French engineer

THE LAST WORD IN OBSERVATION POSTS

A photograph taken on the German front in Russian Poland, showing a giant tree ingeniously adapted to observation purposes

Nothing has been more remarkable in this war than the ingenuity of the Germans in coping with its exigencies. From the big fortress gun shown above down to the smallest detail of equipment everything is carefully thought out. The machine gun, for instance, has proved to be such a deadly weapon that the German cavalry are now equipped with a weapon of this type, and trench warfare has evolved a periscope with the range of a strong field glass

Land Ho! French Troops

THE TRANSPORT "LUTETIA"

With more than a thousand French troops—marines, Senegalese, artillery, Colonial infantry, a
from which the troops, after disembarking, e

Arriving at the Dardanelles

OFF THE ISLAND OF LEMNOS

ıd infantry of the line—on board. The photograph shows the vessel nearing Lemnos, the base entually join their comrades in the fighting line

"Somewhere in Flanders"

BY A BYSTANDER ON ACTIVE SERVICE

My Dear Bystander—

THE firm and steadfast resolve that the British nation has solemnly expressed on the anniversary of the war, coupled with Mr. Lloyd George's recent confidences regarding the progress now on foot, has done much to stir enthusiasm in the breast of our gallant Allies.

* * *

More than a year has passed since the French people first came into contact with the British Army, and the admiration they have entertained for the English war-machine since the beginning of the war has ripened into a genuine affection for its individual units which will never die. At the British soldier they marvel in a manner the reverse of unfavourable; they think the British Tommy is a perfect wonder, and French opinion on most things is usually pretty sound. As they say at public banquets, "Each day sees the bonds between the two countries closer knitted."

* * *

In grateful contrast to the desolate scene of shattered villages and towns littered with the carcases of horses lying rotting on the pavements and in the streets, where the decaying corpses of peaceful citizens lie buried beneath the ruin of their homes, and the sweet sickly stench of poison-gas still hangs faintly about the tumbled masonry, it is pleasant to turn to the fresh and smiling hamlets in the rear of the firing line, where are gathered British troops in the enjoyment of a brief spell of enforced idleness until such time as they shall receive their *strafe* summons.

* * *

They are honest, kindly folk, these simple natives of old-world villages, and as you pursue your swinging steps down the rustic "High Street" or (if of the General Staff) nestle back in the cushions of your luxurious Rolls-Ford limousine, the eye will be gladdened by a fleeting vision of nimble feminine fingers manipulating needle and thread against a background of khaki cloth, engaged, maybe, in the adjustment of a humble button, perhaps according a further span of life to a pair of decaying braces, or—who knows?—engrossed in the more subtle undertaking of letting in a patch in the breeches. And the way they can take motor oil stains off a tunic by some secret process (known only to the oldest inhabitant) is a perpetual delight to the amateur accustomed to coping with the task with a piece cut off the leg of his underwear in one hand and a petrol can in the other.

* * *

With a laudable desire, inherent in every man possessed of breadth of vision and ambition, to avail himself of the unique opportunity that is offered him to acquire the rudiments of the language of the country in which he is temporarily residing, quite a number of British soldiers have set themselves to grapple with the Gallic tongue, and have found, to their surprise, that an all-seeing Providence has seen fit to confine to the fair sex alone the necessary qualifications which conspire to make the ideal professor of languages for the British soldier. By a strange whim of destiny, males, it seems, do not possess a single qualification for the job.

* * *

And with the natural diffidence of the learner to practising in public, teacher and pupil may oft be observed a-roaming in secluded pastures engaged in the earnest prosecution of the matter in hand. But these are the advanced pupils (the pupils who have made advances). It is a matter of some psychological interest to note that in 95 per cent. of cases, while the very early grammatical lessons may be readily acquired by the full glare of daylight in the bosom of the family, the "easy conversational course" can only be mastered by the pupil in the freedom of the open air at an hour when the shadows begin to lengthen in the leafy lanes, and—as Shakespeare once remarked—"birds and beasts and flowers all have sought their rest." And if there be a half-moon at the time (a full-moon is just a *little* bit too glaring) progress is correspondingly enhanced.

* * *

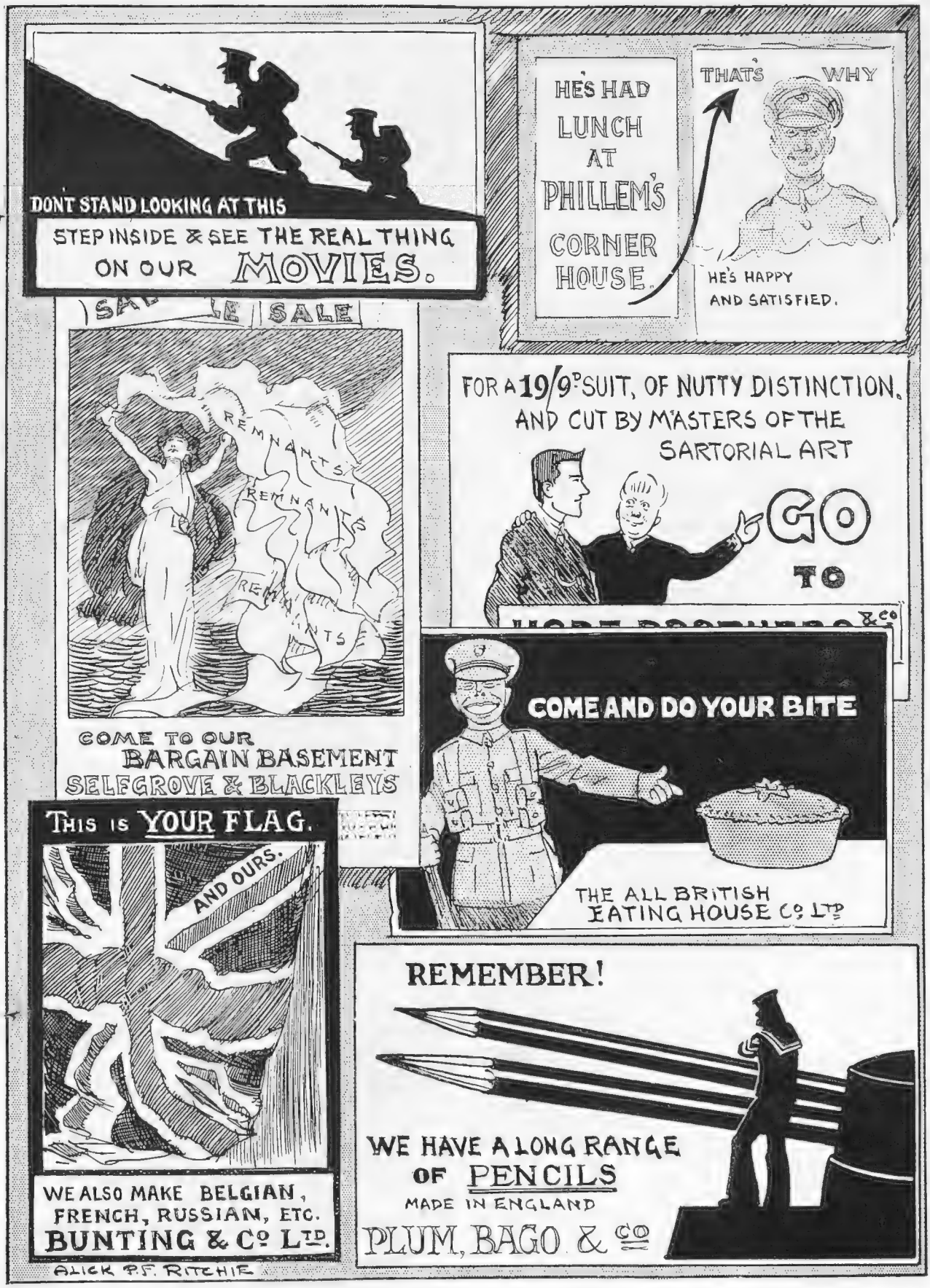
Incredible as it may seem, the commendable enterprise which inspires the British soldier to improve his mind with linguistic attainments does not always meet with the whole-hearted approval that you would expect from his friends and relatives at home; and engaged in the unenviable occupation of censoring letters the eye is oft arrested by such dignified enjoinders as "you have no call to make them allusions that you mention," or—reassuring—"you know well enough where my 'art is, old Lovey Dovey, so don't you fret yourself." For even in war is the green-eyed monster ever with us.

* * *

You have not far to go to see evidence of the *camaraderie* between French and English. You may witness a figure in khaki cheerfully engaged in chopping wood for the family, aiding Marcelle in milking operations, combing down the hens in the henhouse, rendering valuable assistance in the killing of, and the subsequent disintegration of, the family pig, bringing in the washing off the line, and on such occasions as little Paul, the Benjamin of the family, sees fit to make himself a nuisance, it is often the British soldier who is called in to *strafe* him severely. And once I saw a perspiring serjeant-major with beautifully waxed moustaches propelling, with all the skill and judgment of a professional pusher on the Eastbourne Promenade, an old bed-ridden lady ensconsed in an antidiluvian species of bath-chair, down the "Grand Rue" of her native village.

Yours ever, Jack Johnson

What to Do with Our War Posters



A HINT TO ADVERTISERS

Showing how, if the war were to end suddenly, the surplus stock of recruiting posters left on the country's hands could be usefully turned to account

A German Outpost in Poland

A REMARKABLE MOONLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE EASTERN THEATRE OF WAR

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Cultures of Kultur

BY PHILIP GOODE

BUTTON was a subaltern of barely six months' standing when the Germans brought him, gasping for breath, into their lines north of Ypres. A chap with no imposing appearance or manner, nothing in fact to distinguish him from other Cambridge tradesmen's sons who had worked an unhonoured way through Oxford, he had gone with the crowd and received the King's commission by right of his degree. It could not truthfully be said that he was afraid of the men committed to his charge, though a measure of nervousness sprang involuntarily within him when he recognised one of them as a member of the Cambridge Polo Club and an old customer of his father's. "Sir," seemed to be on the wrong lips, precisely as he had felt it when he first entered the Oxford shops.

The "gassing" business had been short and painful; but in some way he must have dodged his allotted share, for by the time he was pulled out of the horse-van at A—— he could draw one or two slow half-breaths without wishing to die. The recovery was by no means lost upon his captors, who had a greater sense of their dignity than to act as stretcher-bearers when they need not. So Button was incontinently dropped out and put to the short steep hill with the others. After all, it was better than being a Louvain baby, and as he wiped his tunic clear of the first offering of crowd-kultur, he was almost tempted to laugh at the bad markmanship. It will be seen that Button's fancy was not too refined. War is quick to shift the veneer off a man.

On the third day following his arrival at the internment camp Button wriggled into a sitting position on the hard bed and resumed the breathless operation he had had to abandon for want of light the night before. It is no easy task to secure a trousers' button with only a short end of wire from a soda-water bottle, the relic of some past revel. Steady hands might have made little of it, but Button's fingers were shaking like a seismograph-needle. In the end he stopped and looked at them.

"Funny," he muttered, "they're worse than they were yesterday."

His glance wandered round the bare room and came to rest on a figure in the doorway.

"O curse!" he said.

"You sleep better last night, so?"

"Oh yes," answered the captive wearily.

The figure said no more, but stopped by the doorpost eyeing the Englishman's weedy legs. Button stood the queer scrutiny as long as he could.

"Schönes Wetter," he snapped, jabbing the wire into his khaki pants.

"Jawohl," came the answer.

"Well, why the hell don't you get out and look at it?" he finished under his breath.

As if by way of response, the German moved slowly away.

"I say," said a major of Regulars, tip-toeing in, "what's the matter with that wall-eyed sawbones who's always hanging round here?"

"Dunno," said Button.

"That eye of his with the pupil gone gives me goose-flesh."

"He's always staring—a stare that sticks like a leech and comes off like a porous plaster."

"That's the odd thing, my boy. He doesn't stare like that at me or the Frenchmen."

"Why was I born so beautiful?" mused Button.

"He's got a tin can for your tail, old son, don't make any mistake. Here, give me those pants. You're making a hopeless mess of them. What I want to know is what game this medico's up to. What is it?"

"Dunno," said Button; "call again."

* * * * *

At first Button bore the martyrdom of the German's continual scrutiny without visible revolt. But it was easy to see the strain was telling on his nerves. After six or seven days he began to rave quietly to his fellow captives, swearing that the wall-eye was God's visitation upon a staring incubus, a nightmare demon who bent evilly over sleeping British soldiers. Six times a day or more the medico would emerge from nowhere and fix his ill-mated eyes on the unhappy subaltern. Occasionally he spoke to ask a curt question, but more often he said nothing, getting the information he seemed to seek from what he saw.

"Cheer up," said a voice from the dusk. The invalid turned his aching head to see who spoke.

"You don't know me, I suppose. I'm Graham of the South Wales Borderers—just out of hospital." The stranger spoke quickly in lowered tones. "I've got some news for you."

"Yes?"

They think you're done in and they're going to release you."

"Eh?" Button sprang to his feet and seized the other man by the shoulder. "What's that?"

"Not so much noise. I overheard that sawbones with the eye—you know——"

"I know," echoed the other.

"Talking to an assistant. He said he couldn't make your case out. He'd been greatly interested in it, but had had to give it up."

"But you said they were going to set me free."

"Well, it's always open to them to change their minds, but he said that arrangements were being made with that object."

"Are you having me on?" growled Button. "You shouldn't mock a fellow when he's been gassed."

"Look here," answered Graham, "I only know what I've heard, and if it doesn't interest you, you must have a kink—as the doctor-man thinks you have. I came along to give you the good news, and also to ask you a favour."

(All rights strict'y reserved)

(Continued on page 348)

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY
(Continued from page 317)

"Well?"

"If it comes off, will you——" Graham lowered his voice still more. "Will you take along a little parcel for me and undertake to put it straight into the hands of General——?"

"And no other?"

"Sh! Answer quietly. No other. It contains something—a few notes and sketches that he will certainly value."

"I see," said Button. "I will indeed. Where are they?"

"You shall have them when I find the right opportunity. One doesn't carry these things about under one's arm."

"How did you get them?" asked the invalid, now deeply interested.

The other man hesitated.

"It's a longish story, and I don't feel quite safe in staying here any longer. But I got them passed on to me by a Germ in our pay who had to take part in the arrest of the man who prepared them."

"Landscapes by a Kiel canal bargee?"

"It's no time for being facetious. You'll muck the show if you don't shut your mouth."

"Sorry," said Button, getting back into bed.

* * * * *

"You are free."

Button made a supreme effort and rose to his feet. Queer lights were flashing before his eyes, he was hot—blazing hot—and dizzy, and his limbs seemed weighted with lead. He smiled in a sickly fashion, and felt clumsily for the packet stowed away underneath his tunic. The movement seemed to escape the attention of the messenger, though when he turned his head he found the wall-eyed doctor staring hard at the bulge.

"You are better?" began the latter in his low-pitched bark.

"Heaps," said Button hysterically.

An order was snapped out in German and a finger pointed to the door.

Button stretched out a hand to the German, who stepped back hurriedly to avoid it.

"Don't and be damned to you," muttered the subaltern, turning quickly on his heel.

With a guard on each side and a third man ahead, there was no mistaking the route. For some minutes they marched in silence, though the agony of movement was almost too much for the Englishman. At length he staggered and stopped.

"Let up for a minute, you men. I'm done in."

"The orders are to march you straight to the train," shouted the man ahead in good English. "You must come on."

They moved on, the guards giving support on either side. Now the pain and horror increased. It was as though the invalid's body was burning with real fire. Here or hereabouts he mercifully lost consciousness. Little of that dark pilgrimage penetrated to his absent senses till he dropped in a heap on the floor of a railway van, where in solitude and semi-darkness he began the second stage. As the sliding-doors were banging to he fancied that he caught a glimpse of the doctor—still staring, but it might well have been a cast up of his disordered imagination.

The train bumped and rattled on, tossing the subaltern from side to side. There were many stops, and it seemed as if crowds of greycoats peered in upon him. All doubts of the doctor's presence were set at rest soon after the journey began, for he came in from the midst of the greycoats at the first halt. After a pause, he knelt down by Button's side.

"Something to strengthen you," he said, taking a glass syringe from a pocket inside his coat. "Give me the hand."

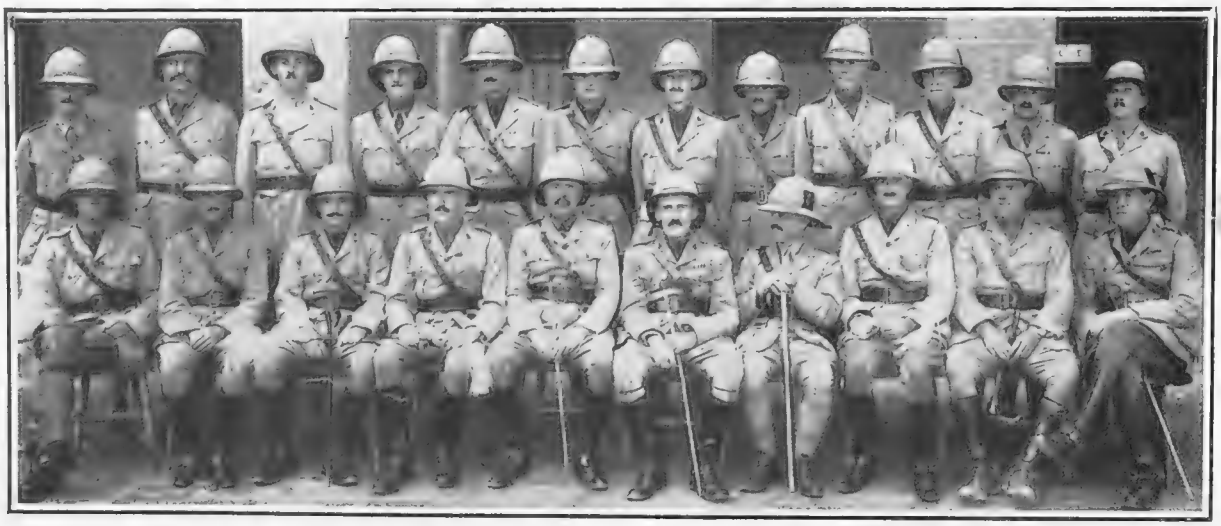
Button put out his trembling arm. In a trice the German had rolled the sleeve back to the elbow.

"Now!" he said.

"What's the game?" asked the captive eyeing the syringe with terror.

For answer the point was slipped into the skin of his

(Continued on page 350)



THE DORSET "QUEEN'S OWN" YEOMANRY

Who, when this photograph was taken, were stationed near Cairo, and under orders for active service

Left to right (back row): Lieut. A. D. Pass, Captain and Quartermaster W. P. Parsons, Lieut. H. Browne, 2nd Lieut. Hon. G. Dawson Damer, Captain and Adjutant N. L. Learmouth, 2nd Lieut. H. Hoare, Lieut. G. V. Carter, 2nd Lieut. B. P. Lees, 2nd Lieut. J. Busk, 2nd Lieut. R. D. Learmouth, 2nd Lieut. F. Gray, Lieut. G. Dammers. (Sitting): Captain F. G. B. Winsfield-Digby, Captain W. A. Alexander, Captain V. C. Reeves, Major J. B. Goodden, Lieut.-Colonel E. G. Troyte Bullock, Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Soutar, Major Lord Wynford, Major E. W. F. Castleman, Captain J. A. Fearnside, 2nd Lieut. O. Bragge

One of the Horrors of the War

"And did ums tink their mumsie would waste her money on the horrid war and rob her popsy-wopsies of their ickle nicy-picies"

[A cartoon suggested by a recent action in the High Court brought by a lady dog-fancier, at the hearing of which Mr. Justice Avory pertinently remarked that at a time like the present, when every shilling in the country was required for the purpose of preserving our very existence as a nation, it was rather shocking to hear of such sums as £500 being wasted on ladies' pets]

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY
(Concluded from page 348)

wrist. A sharp twinge of pain announced it, and a great throb at his heart was the confession of his terror.

"Here," he called, "stow it."

"Drink," said the German, holding a flask of spirits to his lips.

The Englishman hesitated, suspicious; then recognising the smell of brandy, gulped down a mouthful of the liquor.

"Ah," he gasped, "you can leave that."

But the doctor was halfway to the door, which he closed and secured behind him.

Idly the invalid turned his sleeve back. There was the mark of the needle, a little speck in an aureole of pink. Beside it, as he looked, he noticed another, and near that another, and still another and others. His eyelids widened with astonishment, and his mind flew back to those ghastly dreams of his when a figure of hell had seemed to hang over his bed.

"It's only the liquor," he muttered to himself. "I'm not accustomed to it."

A sudden onset of pain caused him to bring his hand to his body. Instantly the touch apprised him that the packet—Graham's collection of plans—was gone. The thing for which they had both risked their lives had vanished. He rose to his feet with a moan and staggered down the shaking van to search for it. Let it but get into German hands, and he would die against a brick wall.

But the train was again at a standstill. When the German entered he found Button shrinking in his corner.

"Drink again," he ordered, proferring the flask. A second injection took place, and the Englishman was once more left to himself.

"It'll be lead the next time they inject anything. I must find that packet," he groaned moving to rise. And he did. There was the parcel under his hand. He started.

"By the living . . . . But make sure first, old son—make sure first."

He turned the packet over. "It feels a bit lighter than usual," he mused. "I wonder."

But the sickness and physical horror within him put a stop to his wondering and turned his mental eye upon his own pitiable state. He was conscious of alternating spasms of anguish and lightheadedness, and of a certain offensive unwholesomeness in his person. It was in vain that he tried to put the idea out of his mind. His body burned more fiercely than it had done on that memorable march to the station before he dropped unconscious, his senses were a thousand times more acute, and every sense told him that he was unwholesome—offensively so. Fantastic thoughts crowded in upon his weirdly illuminated mind offering all sorts of explanations. He thought again of the specks on his forearm and turned his wristband back. In the place where they had been was a hard patch showing red beneath the skin. Further up the arm were others. Curiosity suggested an examination of the other arm. There also were spots of the same hue and hardness. His neck had been wrong for an hour, and he knew now without looking that his body would bear out his fears. What had he discovered?

Quiet seemed to come to him, and he could think rationally.

"Slow, old man," he said to himself. "They're beasts all right, but they can't be such hellians as that."

The thought took his hand to the packet's hiding-place, and he drew out the bundle again. Raising himself, he tried to loosen the string, but the job was too much for his feeble fingers and he tore open a part of the outside wrapping. Inside was cardboard. He slit the edge of this and inserted a finger. It was glass. As carefully as possible he pulled a glass tube through the slit and examined it. Even as his fingers closed over it, it broke. Two fine glass plates came slithering through behind it, breaking also as he put a finger to stop them. The subaltern thrust the broken glass back into the packet and closed his eyes.

* * * * *

Beyond the rise less than half-a-mile away were the British lines. Button was staggering along a zig-zag communication trench. The doctor strode in front and an armed soldier brought up the rear. Dizzy and exhausted as he felt, Button managed to keep his feet. He was filled with a purpose, and he refused to give up with the possibility of its achievement so near. They emerged after a while by the side of a small wood. On the far side of the trees he saw a rivulet, which sent his whirling thoughts flying to the topography class which he had passed through with so little credit only two short months ago. At this point the guard was dismissed. A white flag which the doctor had been carrying rolled up was handed to the British subaltern.

'That is the way," said the German pointing to the left of the wood.

"One word, Herr Doktor." Button made a great effort to be tranquil.

"Be quick," came the answer.

'Is my illness—er—catching, infectious, that is?"

The German looked away. "That is for others to say. You should ask your own British doctors. They can tell you."

Button reeled on for a few yards towards the rivulet. He recognised the stream by the hairpin bend it took from the right of the German line to the rear of their trenches on the left.

'Halt!" shouted the doctor. 'Your way is to the left."

Button clasped his hands to his body and swayed where he stood. A step would have taken him into the water.

The German came hurrying behind.

'That is the way," he roared, stretching out his arm.

In a second he was grappled by the throat. Button thanked God for the strength he found to keep his arms clasped tight. Soon it would be a death clutch, and then the fiend would not escape. He had taken his man by surprise, and there was hardly a struggle till the waters closed over their heads.

* * * * *

Some bubbles—and God knows what besides—floated slowly down to the German trenches.

PHILIP GOODE

SHINING LIGHTS of Revue from La Ville Lumière

MLLE. SIMONE D'HERLYS

A famous Parisian beauty who is appearing in the new French spectacular Revue which is to be produced at the Garrick Theatre to-morrow (September 9)

Photograph Yevonde

MLLE. LUCIENNE DERVYLE

A new portrait of the beautiful French actress who is appearing with Mr. Arthur Roberts in the new Revue, "Saucy," which was produced at the Middlesex last week

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

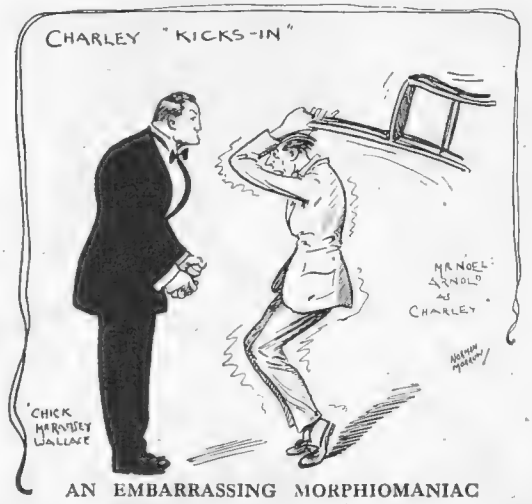
"Kick-In" at the Vaudeville Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a fine exciting play of the underworld of New York, and so that you shall not miss any of the fun, the management obligingly gives on the programme a glossary of the slang used in the play. Thus *Kick-In* is translated for our benefit as "Give Up"; and if we only knew what "Give Up" means in connection with this play, we should have a really fair start. For the first few bustling minutes the story is conducted very largely in slang terms, and the mental effort required to grasp the position of affairs is quite considerable. The trouble is all about a diamond necklace worth twenty thousand dollars, which may be translated as four thousand pounds. It will be understood, of course, that I speak in the terms of the days before the sterling rate of exchange went to pieces among our well-beloved cousins who are "too proud to fight," but not too proud to snatch an extra cent or so on the dollar at somebody else's expense when opportunity offers.

There are indications that the robbery of the diamond necklace in question was the work of a certain "crook," known to the police, who indeed claim to have hit him with a revolver shot as he was getting away in a dreadful hurry with the "goods." The problem, therefore, is to find out where the wounded thief is hiding; and in the course of the investigation a number of denizens of the underworld are brought to the office of the Commissioner of Police, and bullied in the insanely brutal manner that we have been of late tempted to believe was a distinctively German attribute. Among the suspects is "Chick Hewes," a bright young man, who on emerging from prison very properly resolved to lead a better life for the future. As a matter of fact he is already prospering in an honourable career; but he cannot altogether forget his old criminal associates, many of whom were the only friends to extend to him the "glad hand" in the hour of his need. And it so happens that it was "Chick Hewes" who found the necklace-thief lying wounded in the street and took him home and, so to speak, poured oil into his wounds.

This emulation of the Good Samaritan brings "Chick" and his wife into a lot of trouble; while the excitement for the audience is really intense. Here are two young people who have gone deeper into the underworld than they should have done in order to prove that human gratitude still exists; and there are the sleuth-hounds of justice putting a merciless interpretation on even the slightest infraction of the strict letter of the law. Then there is "Chick's" wife's brother Charley, who is a degenerate of the first water, that is, the water of Lethe. He is in the habit of using a hypodermic syringe to induce forgetfulness of the world and its sinful ways; and in his lucid moments he is a very cunning criminal indeed. Mr. Noel Arnold, who represents the part, gives a study of the morphiomaniac which is quite remarkable for its intelligence and observation. It is Charley who all but brings the family to disaster just as "Chick" and his wife have managed everything so well, even to the removal of the body of the necklace-thief, who has unfortunately died on the premises from wounds received in the course of his very peculiar industry.



AN EMBARRASSING MORPHIOMANIAC

It would be a thankless task to anticipate the reader's enjoyment of the piece by revealing the fascinating details which give the plot such a firm grip on the attention of the audience. One of the most ingenious and exciting incidents concerns the manner in which a smart detective, who has actually got his victim down and handcuffed, is beaten at last by the cleverness of a mere woman; while a strange situation is created when the diamond necklace in question falls into the possession of the one man in the world who did not desire to have anything to do with it. The play is typically American in subject and treatment, and it is presented by a company who have the advantage, so noticeable among actors from the States, of being able to persuade themselves for the moment that they really are the people they are supposed to represent. It was an actor of the good old English school who, on being asked for the secret of his successful impersonation of King Lear, explained: "I play Romeo, and I play Falstaff, but begod! I *am* Lear." So Mr. Ramsey Wallace *is* "Chick" and Mr. Wilton Taylor *is* the Commissioner of Police. Such theatre-goers as are left to us, and they seem numerous enough in spite of the shadow under which we live, will find *Kick-In* very much to their taste.

JINGLE

What will Mr. McKenna (Chancellor of the Exchequer) do to me?

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On the map, you are asked to mark the positions which you anticipate will be occupied by the Allied Armies on the cessation of hostilities. Also you are asked to give your forecast of the date at which hostilities will cease.

To the sender of the forecast which is judged by the Editor, on the close of hostilities, to be the most skilful, will be awarded a

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In the event of two or more forecasts being judged of equal merit, the prize will be awarded to the sender of the first of these to reach this office. There is no objection to an individual reader sending additional forecasts in subsequent weeks.

The latest date for sending in will be September 30, but the Editor reserves the right to extend it to a later date if circumstances make this advisable and, in the unlikely event of the war closing before that date, to conclude it earlier.

Members of the Services at Home or Abroad are specially invited to compete.

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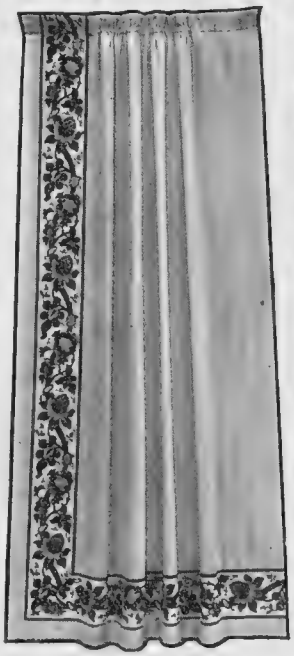

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Motoring After Retaliation

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

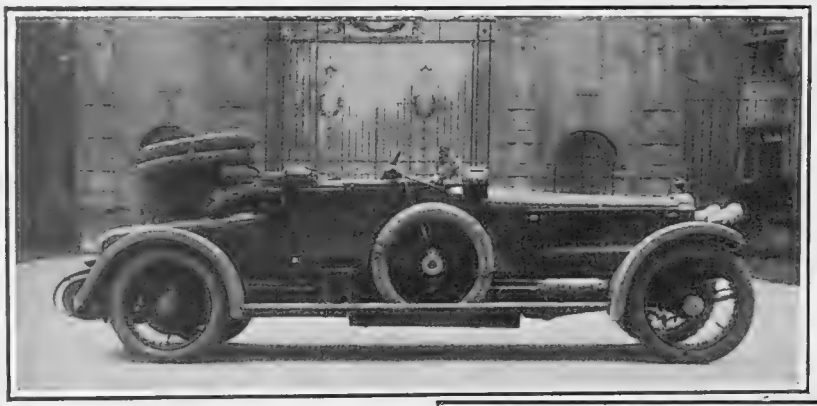
Bigsworth's Exploit

"BRITISH Airman Sinks a Submarine. Single-handed Exploit Off Ostend." I should hate to believe that for once Berlin officialdom has vacated its high position as the World's Champion Liar, and that its denial of Squadron-Commander Bigsworth's achievement is even remotely related to the truth. Many an alien submarine has, doubtless, made its last tragic dive unknown to its country, and, probably, not a few have gone unknown to us; but it seems fairly certain that if this one has gone it is the first to finish its course through the unaided agency of one seaplane. And so, for the encouragement of the faithful, the news is given publicity, as when Warneford earned imperishable laurels by sinking Zeppelin's supermarine. It's a ghastly business, but—— may similar luck attend the pot-shots of all the Allied airmen. Amen.

***

Other Aerial Activities

And, again, "Raid into Germany by 62 Aeroplanes. 150 Bombs on Rhenish Munitions Factory." Also half-a-dozen other aerial forays on successive days, all with varying degree of success. It is good news. Nothing stimulates the popular enthusiasm more than our aerial squadrons grappling in the central blue. If for every bomb dropped upon a village or undefended township of the Allies, one hundred were dropped upon the haunts of the enemy in pursuance of a calculated policy of horrible, but inevitable retaliation, the murderously barbaric exploits of the enemy would be scotched; and if for every unarmed merchantman sunk without warning, fifty interned enemy vessels (Hail Columbia!) were appropriated, and sufficient of the enemy's available property and investments was impounded for the recompense of the sunken ships' owners, and for the help of those who had lost by the sinking, there would be more fluttering in Teutonic dovecoats and bankers' parlours than the frightful Von Tirpitz (or his frightful successors) could calm.



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Certain Lively Possibilities

The aerial bombs are a possibility. There are more than rumours afloat in the aforesaid central blue in this connection. We look to be in some danger of breaking down our hitherto invincible repugnance to acting other than according to the strict letter of the international war code, and breaking out in a coldly-calculated campaign of retaliation. Which just goes to show that Mr. Arthur James Balfour was right, if not original, in setting a limit to human endurance. But interfering with the rights of property by appropriating enemy goods and capital, as suggested in count number two, is a horse of another and very golden colour. There are, it seems, certain things we cannot do to an enemy. We may take his life; but we cannot take his purse. Greater than all codes and ethics and the canons of culture (as distinguished from the cannon of Kultur) is the power of the purse and of international capital. But that is not my department. Moreover, America, whose harbours shelter so many German ships, is not in the war yet, so that we should not be able to annex many vessels anyway.

***

The King at Rovers

The King visited Coventry and Birmingham the other week, and in his tour, he lighted upon the Rover Company's fine factory—now wholly, I believe, given over to the manufacture of subsidy lorries and munitions. Mr. Harry Smith, Managing Director of Rovers, was privileged to explain to the King just what these munitions amounted to. Wherein is an honour for Rovers and the city of Coventry, but not a greater honour than both deserve.

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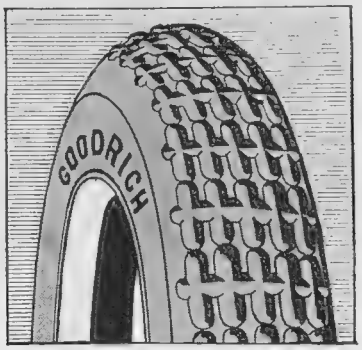

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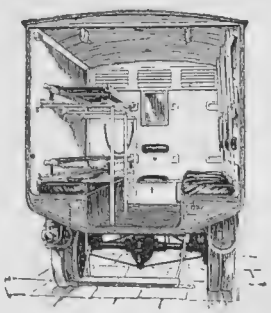

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Books of the Week

SOME NOTES ON NOVELS

Somerset Maugham—Novelist

IT is some years since Mr. Somerset Maugham published a novel; in fact, there must be a number of people ignorant of the fact that Mr. Maugham started life as a novelist. Yet *Liza of Lambeth* and *The Merrygoround* showed what a capable writer he was. Now once again he publishes a novel—*Of Human Bondage* (Heinemann: 6s.). This is of the new school, very long, very detailed, very true. It is the earlier biography of a young man, Philip Carey, who has the misfortune to have a club foot. He is sensitive and very self-conscious, and more than a bit of a failure. Mr. Maugham is chiefly concerned with his various relations with women. These are extensive if not very peculiar. There is the elderly and not very attractive Miss Wilkinson, who is nearly old enough to be his mother. There is Mildred—one of the most detestable and most ably described women in fiction—a waitress in an A.B.C. shop, who leads him such a dance as only a poor wretch like Philip would undergo. There is the sensible Norah, who afterwards marries someone else. And, finally, there is the buxom Sally, who will, no doubt, turn her husband into a happier man than he has been before. But Philip is a failure, and, perhaps, one is sometimes rather cross with Mr. Maugham for telling us so much about him. Nevertheless, *Of Human Bondage* is unquestionably one of the big books, rising head and shoulders above the ordinary six-shilling novel. It is probably the biggest book of the year.

Some "Mysteries"

Three "detective" stories may be noticed together. Sir William Magnay's *The Cloak of Darkness* (Ward, Lock: 6s.) concerns itself with the murder of Countess Mornay in a brougham. She was on her way to stay with Mr. George Conway, M.P., a rising politician, who would have gone into the Cabinet, no doubt, but for this unfortunate affair. The identity of the murderer may, or may not, be guessed. *The Dual Identity*, by C. Guise Mitford (Long: 6s.), tells of the truly amazing adventures of Mr. Ralph Pinfield. These adventures twist themselves about a miniature which periodically changes from the portrait of a gentleman to that of a lady. The book is exciting enough, but the explanation of all the mysteries is feebleness itself. *Three Gentlemen from New Caledonia* (S. Paul: 6s.), by R. D. Hemingway and Henry de Halsalle, is a prize novel. It records the adventures of three convicts who escape from a French penal establishment. "Mr. Heron," the chief, is one of those arch-criminals who *must* be obeyed by his followers. There is an amusing old Dutch "receiver" and a French detective of the usual French kind. This book, too, is exciting in its way, but you never quite know what it is all about—which is a pity.

R. S.

BE OF GOOD CHEER

Living under the cloud of War, the strain of keeping bright and cheerful is very severe. One thing, however, is certain—a healthy body has a soothing, cheering effect on the mind. Look after your health. See to the food you eat, especially during this hot weather.

Most foods, especially meat, set up poisons in the system which cause depression if not eliminated effectually. The only food that counteracts these poisons is St. Ivel Lactic Cheese. As a regular portion of your daily diet it will keep you sound and well, with a mind cheerfully alert.

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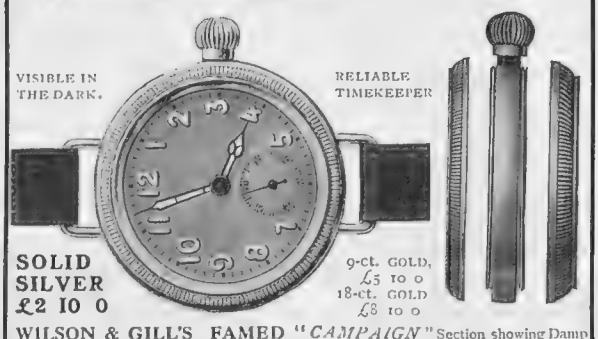

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BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 614.—Vol. XLVII. Wednesday, September 8, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Close to Puckeridge Kennels.

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Stabling for 4, garage; well-laid-out gardens and grounds. Land Tax redeemed.—Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Four reception, 8 bedrooms, 2 good bathrooms, and excellent offices.

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AN EMINENT ARCHITECT'S HOUSE to be LET, Furnished, for 1, 2, or 3 years, with or without SMALL FARM. It stands on sandstone rock, commands views 20 miles North and South, and dates back to about 1600. Modernised and added to: 4 reception, 13 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 6; electric lighting; modern drainage; matured garden and grounds about 2½ acres; hunting.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

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GENUINE OLD TUDOR MANOR HOUSE, built of stone and approached by 2 drives. Accommodation: sitting hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 16 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices; main water; acetylene gas; stabling for 16 horses, coach-house or garage; the grounds include 3 lawns, rose garden, and partly walled kitchen garden; 6 acres of orchard can also be rented; hunting with 4 packs. Rent, 200 guineas per annum.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (8,171)

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THE HOUSE is situated on the South side of the Quantock Hills, 250ft. above sea level. It contains: 4 reception rooms, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light; stabling, garage, men's rooms and 6 cottages; the grounds are a feature of the property and contain a quantity of rare shrubs; there are some magnificent natural rocks; pretty lake and stream with boat, woodland walks and pasture-land, in all about 70 acres.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (7,791)

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A BEAUTIFUL MODERN RESIDENCE, in first-rate order throughout, and occupying a fine position overlooking the links and the well-wooded country beyond. Accommodation: entrance and inner halls, central hall, fine suite of reception rooms, 15 bedrooms and 4 bathrooms; electric light, gas, Company's water, radiators, modern sanitation; large garage and cottage. The well-arranged undulating gardens include full-sized croquet ground, tennis court, wide herbaceous borders, water and rose gardens, kitchen garden, etc., in all about 9½ acres.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (6,516)

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1 hour from Town. High position. Glorious views.

PRICE £8,000, FREEHOLD.

200 ACRE ESTATE, INCLUDING A TYPICAL OLD SUSSEX HOUSE,

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A FINE OLD 14th CENTURY HOUSE WITH BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND GROUNDS OF 22 ACRES.

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NEAR NEWBURY (in a beautiful part, 2½ miles from Midgham Station, G.W. Ry. main line, 7 miles from Newbury, and 13 miles from Reading).
360FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
SOUTH ASPECT. FINE VIEWS.

CHARMING RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 103 ACRES.

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SUSSEX.
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FOR SALE AT A MODERATE PRICE,

A BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF A TUDOR HOUSE,

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SEASON 1915-16 OR BY THE YEAR.—DORSET. —The beat includes 750 acres of well-placed coverts. Bag for last season (lightly shot) with 1,000 pheasants reared: pheasants 781, partridges 177, woodcock 27, hares 122, rabbits 454, snipe 10, roe-deer 3, various 11; total 1585. 1,000 pheasants reared this year. Very moderate terms.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

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A GENUINE OLD MANOR HOUSE,
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PERFECTLY PRESERVED AND FULL OF MAGNIFICENT OLD OAK WORK.

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LOWNDES SQUARE. — Attractive HOUSE, overlooking gardens and in quiet position: 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms.
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Two spacious halls, 3 reception rooms, complete offices, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; perfectly laid-out and well-timbered grounds, tennis lawn, flower and kitchen gardens, trout stream, meadow, in all about

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Seven minutes from sea, close to golf course.—HARRODS (Ltd.), will SELL the ABOVE by AUCTION on NOVEMBER 2, if not sold previously by private treaty.

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Suite of 4 lofty reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling and garage; electric light; tastefully laid-out gardens, tennis lawn, 2 walled kitchen gardens. River Fleck runs through property, affording excellent trout fishing. Shooting by arrangement. Golf Links near. Moderate rental to approved tenant.—Inspected and confidently recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 15,960)

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WELL-TIMBERED GARDENS AND GROUNDS OF ABOUT 3 ACRES.

Also "FELDEN RIDGE," beautifully situated in a retired position and surrounded by WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS AND LAND OF ABOUT 3½ ACRES. With tennis lawn, flower and fruit gardens, rose pergolas, pretty woodland dell and rock garden; lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.

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DELIGHTFULLY TIMBERED SLOPING GARDENS,

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A VERY MODERATE PRICE WILL BE ACCEPTED FOR THE FREEHOLD

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This important and valuable LEASEHOLD PROPERTY, containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, complete domestic offices; stabling for 7 horses, rooms over.

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS OF 0a. 3r. 2p.

The whole forming an excellent residential property, at the same time possessing extensive frontages, which might be advantageously utilised for building purposes.—For SALE by AUCTION on NOV. 2, 1915, by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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CHOICE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 34 acres (with or without smaller Residence).—10 bed and dressing rooms, hall (22ft. by 16ft.), 4 reception rooms, billiard room, finely fitted bathrooms. The Residence is superbly fitted and is in beautiful order. All modern conveniences, including electric light, radiators, up-to-date drainage system.

STABLING, COTTAGE, AND OUT-BUILDINGS.

Beautiful grounds. Grand scenery. Good sporting.

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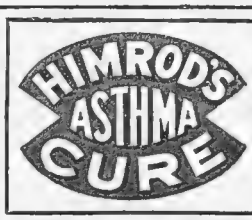

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TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for a year or longer, a comfortable and picturesque RESIDENCE, standing in nicely timbered grounds on gravel soil 600ft. above sea-level. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, conservatory, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc. Hot water heating; acetylene gas; good stabling and heated garage. The grounds extend to about 7 acres and are extremely pretty, being intersected by a stream. There are tennis lawn, flower gardens and 2 paddocks.—Box KF 3,225, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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COUNTY WATERFORD (between Dungarvan and Lismore, amidst delightful scenery).—To be LET, Furnished, exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE of Italian design, containing 10 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception, bathroom, stabling for 3, motor-house. BEAUTIFUL OLD-FASHIONED WALLED GARDEN, grounds laid out in terraces, sloping towards lake, tennis lawn, croquet ground, 250 acres young woods, forming good cock cover; snipe and duck shooting; good brown trout fishing in lake and rivers; hunting. MODERATE RENTAL TO APPROVED TENANTS.—Box H 12,286, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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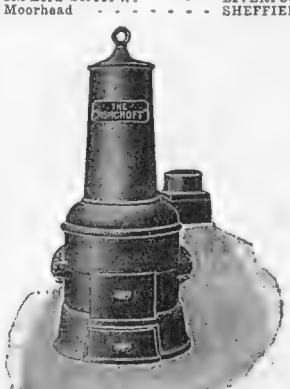

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	Size	To Heat 4in. Pipe	Tapping	Dia. of Smoke Pipe	Price Exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 1	12in. x 8in.	40ft.	1in.	4in.	£1 12 6
,, 2	12in. x 12in	60ft.	1in.	4in	£2 2 6
,, 3	12in. x 16in.	80ft.	1in	4in	£2 11 0

GREENHOUSE.	ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.	GARAGE	ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.
No. 1	Boiler, 11 0 x 11 0 x 8 0	No. 1	Boiler, 20 0 x 20 0 x 10 0
,, 2	,, 11 0 x 16 0 x 8 0	,, 2	,, 25 0 x 25 0 x 10 0
,, 3	,, 11 0 x 21 0 x 8 0	,, 3	,, 28 0 x 28 0 x 10 0

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No. 862

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THERE is very little vanity about an out-and-out healthy school-boy. Yet, in the matter of footwear he is a very keen critic, for the slightest deviation from what is considered good form is fatal to his prestige. "Nealson" school boots are good form in more senses than one. They are planned for the stage beyond "Phat-Pheet," when growing feet demand special treatment, and they are built to last. We will gladly send a sample of any model for your inspection.

No. 862 is a blacking leather, winter-weight school boot for medium width feet. Built on hygienic principles, with a complete understanding of the needs of a boy's growing feet.

Sizes and post free prices :

11	11½-13	13½-2	2½-4	4½	5-6
10/9	11/3	12/3	13/-	14/-	14/6

Sample Boot loaned for Inspection on receipt of 4d. for postage, etc.

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Dainty Tea Gown (as sketch) in rich quality crêpe de Chine crossover style with full pleated skirt, sleeves finished with net frills in a beautiful range of colours.

69/6

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The first editions have been exhausted, and to meet the new demand a fresh issue has been arranged in the following styles.

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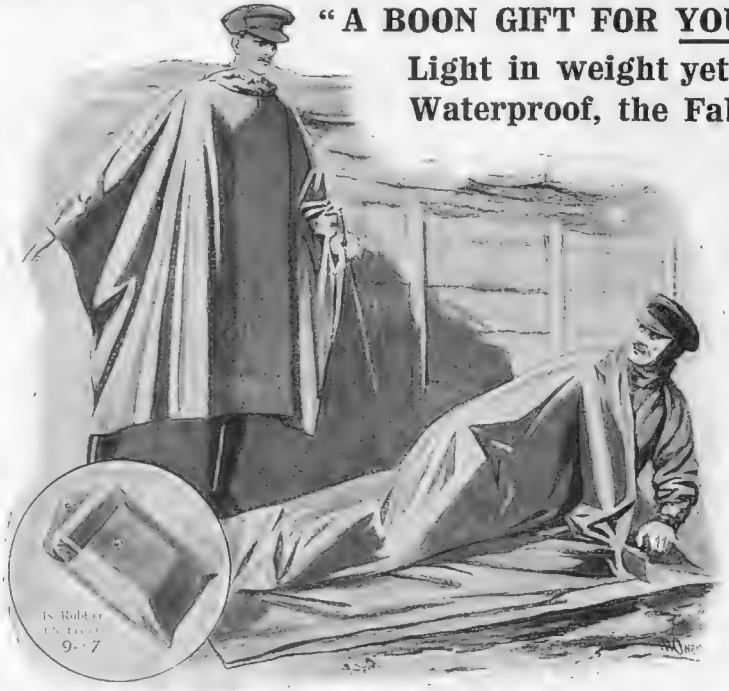

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(As illustration)
Jacket and Vest for Boys 8 to 14 years, from **25/-**
Trousers, **10/6** to **17/6**

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Band at back. Grey or Blue. 12 to 18 years, **30/-** to **50/-**
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(As illustration)
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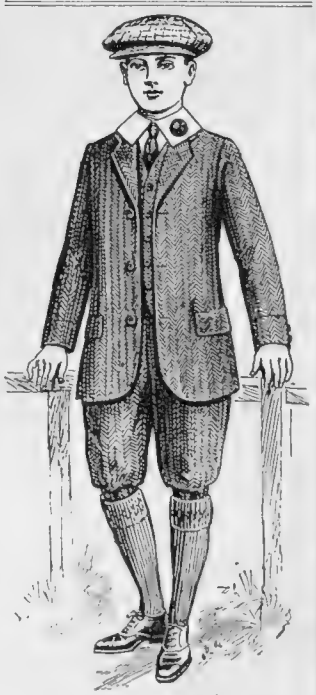

RUGBY SUIT
(As illustration)
Especially stout Tweed for School Wear. For Boys, 9 to 16. **21/-** to **42/-**

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Send YOUR Soldier a flask of

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MALTED MILK TABLETS

Think what a blessing these delicious Food Tablets are to men on active service. They are always ready for immediate use, and a few dissolved in the mouth will maintain the strength of the Soldier when he most needs it. They supply sufficient nourishment to sustain for hours, give increased body heat and vitality, prevent fatigue and relieve thirst.

We will send post free to ANY address a 1/- flask of these delicious and sustaining food tablets and a neat vest pocket case on receipt of 1/6. If on active service be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State whether serving with British Expeditionary Force or Mediterranean Expeditionary Force; or, if not with either, give name of place at which unit is stationed.

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A "DRYAD" TEA WAGGON is a useful addition to the country house, carrying everything for tea at one journey. Being fitted with four swivelled wheels, it can easily be turned in its own space Made in various designs and sizes, see the Dryad Cane Book, post free from Y dept., Dryad Works, Leicester.

By Royal Warrant to H.M. The Queen.

"They *do* know how to make a fellow's clothes."

ROWE

106, New Bond St., W.
(and at High St., Gosport)

Modes—Mainly Juvenile

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Autumn School Modes

A STROLL round our most representative establishments for the supply of clothes for juveniles of both sexes has left me with the most convincing sense of the immense progress made in this direction. The ready-to-wear suit is now an accepted feature, while there is a general acquiescence as to the suitability of styles that just verge upon, without touching, the actual Uniform idea.

The Eton Suit's Waning Popularity

An authority of great weight is the head of the Boys' Outfitting department at Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road. The truths propounded here are always safe, and some interest attaches to the frank statement that wherever possible, parents are succumbing to the protests of their offspring against the adoption of the Eton suit.

That this will ever remain traditional to Eton, one cannot have a moment's doubt. Also, probably, such a school as Westminster may cling to the distinction of Etons and morning coat, as differentiating the Junior and Senior pupils. But for Preparatory and Private schools to cling to the short coat, now so dreadfully plagiarised, and to which some small boys do not take at all kindly, especially when it is completed by the conventional silk hat, is wholly unnecessary. So the steady rebellion of the young wearers is at last bearing fruit. But at Tottenham House the entire clothing question for boys is covered in all its branches and phases, with the most complete understanding, and out of the wide choice two practical pictured offerings are made in the guise of a tweed suit and a Chesterfield overcoat.

Varieties in Norfolk Suits

In the opinion of the Shoolbred authority, the Norfolk suit has never been in more successful demand, and consequently greater efforts than ever have been made to bring about slight diversities of aspect, while many more materials have been brought into play. The example illustrated is more or less on the regulation pattern, and represents a two-piece suit. It is built of a peculiarly sturdy tweed, and for boys from eight to twelve years of age, ranges in price from 21*s.* to 30*s.* Another much sought-after school suit is a three-piece affair, arranged on Rugby lines, but with the back of the coat drawn into a half permanently attached band. The effect is eminently smart and trim besides being novel, the suit presenting a particularly good appearance in Scotch tweeds, that are regarded as of unique value. Shoolbred's price for this ranges from 31*s.* to 42*s.*

The companion figure wears a light-weight warm overcoat, of dark iron grey colouring, the fronts closing Chesterfield fashion united to an easy sacque back.

BOY'S TWEED NORFOLK SUIT AND CHESTERFIELD OVERCOAT
At Messrs. Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, as described on this page

For older boys, who are beginning to have glimmerings of individual taste, there is an attractive range of double-breasted overcoats, with the still favoured band feature at the back, chiefly built in herringbone grey tweeds and blue cloths.

In view of the coming Autumn term, when football is inaugurated, an exhaustive stock of football shirts has been laid in, together with jerseys, a further seasonable provision being warm dressing-gowns of camel cloth, in useful dark shades of fawns and greys, finished with a coloured girdle, and touches of coloured piping on the pockets, cuffs and collar. These, again, are particularly reasonably priced at 18*s.* 6*d.*, as are likewise school rugs at 10*s.* 6*d.*

Everything a Schoolgirl Can Want

It is no exaggeration to say that in the Girls' Outfitting department at D. H. Evans', Oxford Street, every conceivable need exacted by modern taste and exigencies has been taken into due account, to the end that the most fastidious mother and her, nowadays, equally fastidious daughter cannot possibly fail to find complete satisfaction in the choice that prevails. There are coats and skirts of the most attractive order, smartly made in a variety of useful materials, an extremely nice model being carried out in good quality Cheviot, grey, nigger brown, Saxe or purple. The skirt is of circular shape mounted on to a short hip yoke, a particularly nice line being accorded the belted coat by the treatment of the under-arm seam. This excellent little model is stocked in several sizes, from 16 years upwards, and the price is only 55*s.*, several other styles of an equally attractive character also claiming interested attention.

For a smaller girl, the coat and skirt sketched is

MODES—MAINLY JUVENILE (continued from page ix)

charming in navy West of England serge, the simple banded coat completed by a well-cut little skirt with overlap front seam. This model is also supplied in grey, Saxe or brown Cheviot, the price for a girl of ten years being 31*s.* with a rise of 2*s.* for each larger size.

Evidencing the best taste again is the liberal choice that obtains in frocks, both for genuinely serviceable and bettermost wear. Prominent among the latter are taffeta frocks, either in a self colour or tartan, and some extremely dainty little dresses, of ivory or Saxe crêpe de Chine, this silken fabric, which by the way washes admirably, now superseding to a large extent the once ubiquitous muslin and embroidered lawn expressions. Betwixt and between these party and regular school frocks comes such a delightful little model in velveteen. The bodice closes in front with a scalloped hem, and is completed by a hand-embroidered, lace-trimmed lingerie collar. For a girl of ten years the price asked for this beautifully made and finished velveteen frock is only 35*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* extra being charged for every larger size.

TWO DRESSES FOR LITTLE GIRLS

Sketched at Messrs. D. H. Evans', Oxford Street, and described on this page by Mrs. May

The navy coating serge dress shown in our second illustration is as pretty and becoming as it is practical and serviceable. A charming finish is accorded the simple blouse bodice by a falling collar of white piqué and black patent leather belt, little lozenge-shaped blue buttons trimming the centre front box pleat, and cuffs to the modified Bishop sleeves. 26*s.* 9*d.* is the really most moderate price, for a girl of ten years, as the frock is exquisitely finished in every detail, an extra 1*s.* 6*d.* being asked for each larger size.

A coat that should most decidedly be interviewed without delay, costs a very moderate sum for a child of seven years. This is a very workmanlike little garment, and can be thoroughly relied upon to afford its wearer complete protection in stormy weather, while a poplin waterproof may also be added to the school outfit with advantage.

The British Boy

It is a year or so now since the Oxford Street house of Peter Robinson opened up an entirely fresh view with regard to the dressing of boys. They took the standpoint that the sooner boys are made to realise the important place clothes and a good appearance take in all walks of life the better. Once out of the nursery, the more closely his clothes approximate to those worn by "Father," the more a lad is disposed to take an interest in what he wears and, incidentally, to have some care as to the appearance of his garments. They are imitative monkeys, and a carefully turned out father invariably has an effect on his son. So cut, style and value were the three essentials as the cornerstones of a juvenile outfitting department, that is easily recognised as unrivalled.

It is now an open secret that Peter Robinson's have in their employ a sartorial artist of exceeding ability, who has an inimitable cut and touch. These priceless virtues are, naturally, made more apparent in garments destined for youths, which are procurable ready-made, or can be built to order, the work in both cases being done on the premises, and under the personal supervision of the above-named expert. Only by a personal visit can one in any way adequately appreciate the worth of these tailored garments at Oxford Street, of which a liberal selection stands ready and waiting for inspection.

Prominent among immediate needs is the "College" Overcoat, an ideal autumn and winter possession, suitable for boys from thirteen years of age. As may be seen form the accompanying picture, an all-round band plays a conspicuous part, the material used being either a grey fleecy cloth for younger boys, while youths would, doubtless, prefer the alternative of fawn and brown ulster cloth. It is a coat that bears the closest inspection and, indeed, this is invited by Peter Robinson's.

THE "COLLEGE" OVERCOAT

Sketched at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street

A lounge suit of quiet style, and consequently suitable for boys from twelve years and upwards, is obtainable both in tweeds and blue serges. The first size comes out in the above-mentioned fabric at 30*s.*, or in fine Tropical suiting at 50*s.* But this is merely one of many styles, which include the "Ascot," the jacket of which closes with two buttons; the "St. James," where a single button does duty at the base of long revers; and a double-breast model, that is of especially clean line.

Vogue for Check Velveteen

As with the rest of the great house of Harrods, the department devoted to children's and young ladies' outfitting is quite exceptionally well-equipped. Initially the designs in every instance are exclusive; they are, moreover, carried out in the firm's own workrooms, under a special staff, and the personal supervision of the presiding genius.

(Continued on page xii)

Bring the Boys & Girls to Peter Robinson's for their School Outfits

The "Talma" Overcoat, made in pure Shetland Wool, Fawn and Grey; unlined. Size for boy of 12 years, **58/6**; rising **3/-** a size.

IT has been an almost invariable rule that parents and guardians who once try us for their boys' and girls' Outfits remain permanent customers. And this is because we have, for the last three decades, made a speciality of Juvenile Clothing. We cut, tailor, and finish the garments in our own workrooms, thereby ensuring their correctness of style and reliability in every other particular.

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

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OXFORD ST.

Peter Robinson Ld.

Charles Packer & Co

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

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in 15-ct. GOLD,
all £2 2 0 each.

The West Yorkshire Regiment.

The Royal Navy.

All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.

The Canadians.

One Price only.
£2 2 0 each.
The best value obtainable.

The Loyal Nortn Lancashire Regiment.

The East Kent Regiment.

The Royal Artillery.

Illustrations show actual size of Brooches.

Money returned in full if not approved.

The East Lancashire Regiment.

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BADGE OF ANY REGIMENT TO ORDER
£2 2 0 each.

Special Designs and Estimates submitted for Regimental Badge Brooches, set with Diamonds and other Gems, from **£6 6 0 to £25 0 0.**

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

LIBERTY'S NEW ZEALAND KNITTING WOOL

FOR

MUFFLERS, HELMETS SOCKS & MITTENS

AT **4/-** A LB

CARRIAGE PAID FOR 4/4

FINE QUALITY KHAKI WOOL RECOMMENDED FOR SERVICE WEAR

SAMPLES OF WOOL & SILK YARNS POST FREE

LIBERTY & CO LTD REGENT ST. LONDON

J. W. BENSON LTD.

Military Badge Brooches

ANY REGIMENTAL DESIGN—
PERFECTLY MODELLED.

Price on application.

Large Selection in Diamonds, and Gold and Enamel.

Sketches sent for approval.

25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

And 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

MODES—MAINLY JUVENILE (*concluded from page* x)

For the coming autumn term special attention has been accorded tailor-made suits, and to disperse the idea that because of the exclusive designing and fashioning prices must be proportionately high, it may be well to mention that smart, practical little suits, built of West of England serge, range from two guineas. There is an exceptionally attractive reefer coat and skirt of navy suiting, the former lined silk, and the freely-cut circular skirt mounted on to a corselet band, suitable for girls from 14 to 18 years, at 3½ guineas; while the "Roedean" on a slightly higher grade of chic is carried out in navy gabadare, the skirt a flat pleated one on hip yoke, and the coat embellished with a double narrow patent belt. Fitted with gilt buckles to match the buttons, this is a very superior class of garment, and will prove acceptable right up to eighteen years of age, the price standing at six guineas, either ready to wear or made to order.

For Younger Children

Or there is an equally seductive selection for younger children, a range of practical little school-frocks occupying our pictured space. Reading from left to right, there is shown the "Julia," a tailor-made frock of navy serge or coloured gabardare, with fine silk military braid for belt, and detachable white Bengaline collar. In navy the first price is 22*s.* 6*d.*, and in gabadare 39*s.* 6*d.*, each size rising 1*s.* 6*d.*

For a tiny there is the sweetest little tunic frock, merely relieved by a white silk collar. This, the "Nina," is made in navy serge, tartan, and black and white check, from 15*s.* 6*d.* Or the same design works out charmingly in velveteen, when the value rises to 24*s.* 6*d.*

Of blue and black check velveteen is the "Audrey," a banded tunic frock, in which growing girls from ten years upwards look so particularly well. Finally, there comes the "Vivianne," such a pretty, practical little scheme that is depicted in a fancy check, with detachable collar of white Bengaline cloth.

PRACTICAL SCHOOL FROCKS FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN
A range of models sketched at Messrs. Harrods', Brompton Road, and described on this page.

The Menu: Various Ways of Cooking Vegetable Marrows

Vegetable Marrow Soup
Vegetable Marrow en Casserole
Vegetable Marrow Chips
Vegetable Marrow Stuffed
Vegetable Marrow au Gratin
Vegetable Marrow Preserve

Vegetable Marrow Soup

Peel one or two vegetable marrows, according to the size, remove the seeds, cut them in small pieces, and boil with an onion in about a pint of stock or water till tender. When quite soft, pulp through a sieve, take two pints of this pulp and add to it one pint of milk, boil them together for half-an-hour. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan, stir in 1 oz. of flour till it is a smooth paste, add this to the soup, let the whole boil up and serve; if too thick add more milk, also a seasoning of salt and white pepper and a sprinkling of finely-chopped parsley.

Vegetable Marrow En Casserole

Cut a marrow in half lengthways, remove the pips, tie the two halves together with string and cook in *very little* water in a casserole in the oven. When soft, pour off the water, and add some salt and white pepper, a good lump of butter and a tablespoonful of milk, let the marrow absorb this sauce, and stir well for a few minutes. Serve very hot. The marrow must, of course, be peeled.

Vegetable Marrow Chips

Partially bake a vegetable marrow, then cut it into pieces like potato chips or into lengths like potato ribbons, throw some salt over and fry them in boiling fat, pile them high in a dish, and sprinkle grated cheese over.

Vegetable Marrow Stuffed

Boil a marrow until tender (in stock if at hand), cut it lengthways in half, hollow out the insides and fill them with a rich mince of any white meat, or scalloped lobster, or minced mushrooms. Put the two sides together again and dish up with a rich sauce round.

Vegetable Marrow Au Gratin

Parboil a couple of moderate-sized marrows, cut in four lengthways, drain them carefully and put them in a well-buttered fireproof dish, previously well rubbed with garlic or raw onion; sprinkle plenty of grated parmesan over them, pepper and salt, put some butter on the top and over all a sprinkling of breadcrumbs. Bake about twenty minutes.

Vegetable Marrow Preserve

After removing the peel, pulp and seeds, cut the marrow into strips or cubes, weigh, and to each pound allow 1 lb. of sugar. Lay the marrow and sugar in a pan and leave twenty-four hours. To every 5 lb. of marrow add 2 oz. of ground ginger and the juice and grated rind of three or four lemons. Put all into a preserving pan and boil gently for four hours. EMILIA.

Million Egg Week

We have received from the Executive Committee of the National Egg Collection for the Wounded, a letter in which they announce that the response to their appeal for a million eggs during the week August 16th to 23rd, has been entirely satisfactory. They state that from the reports which have come to hand from the various depôts, it is quite evident that well over a million eggs will have been contributed as the result of the week's collection. The Committee also wish to tender their most grateful thanks to the public for their generous response, and to the Press of Great Britain for the invaluable help they have given to the movement. Without this support it would have been impossible to have achieved the magnificent result attained.